# The Wellesley Magazine

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Vol. IV——March, 1896——No. 6

Entered in the Post Office at Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.

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# THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. WELLESLEY, MARCH 14, 1896. No. 6.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Senior Class.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss J. H. Batchelder, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Mary Hefferan, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications should in all cases be sent to Miss Cora F. Stoddard, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, $2.00 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

## "WENN DER KUCKUCK RUFT."

IT was the cuckoo that made vagabonds of us; that unregenerate bird that so perplexes scientists that they invariably fall to moralizing about her, and are fain to reconstruct their theories of evolution, that they may account for her waywardness. Her spirit had been abroad in the air for several days, while we pored patiently over the vacation reading from the *Kantonalbibliothek*, and tried to imagine a thirst which we had traveled four thousand miles to quench at these ancient fountains. We did not hear the cuckoo sing as yet, but the amsel poured liquid music into our dull ears from the lilacs in the garden, and the violets on the terrace coaxed with every breath, and so did the sweet-brier roses. Even my pale primrose, an exile from the Swiss heights, flaunted fifty stalks of beauty from the window ledge beside my writing desk, and jeered at my stupid studying.

Then came the festival of *sechse Laüter*, when the good people of Zürich burned the image of winter in the market place, offered sacrifices to summer, and welcomed her in the good old heathen way, as their gran'-thers did. We yielded to the spirit of heathendom that day, and, next morning, eight o'clock found us on the road, following the evil genius of the woods—the wandering voice—the delicious, irresponsible cuckoo note.

A grassy meadow beside the lake beguiled us to stop for a long mid-day rest. There, among the veronicas, certain habits of responsibility waked within us, and the college president asked where we were going. No one knew, of course, for the cuckoo never does; with her, it is the next nest that's cozy and comfortable to sit upon that gets the egg. Old habits will not be resisted, however, and so we fell to committeeing and appointed a purse holder, a speaker, and a carrier of the "Baedeker," the latter to decide the *whither*, if the company wished to know. As it happened, we walked until we wanted to eat, or sleep, and that night it was where the lake dwellers, with perfect good taste, had chosen to build their homes centuries ago. Before us was the portal of a sunsetting that the eternal hills buttressed, and through it swept a mighty glory from sky and lake to honor departing day. We, too, were moved to do reverence, and poured out libations of joy to the great sun god, as became the children of fire worshipers.

. . . . . .

In the middle morning, on the south slope of the hill, we are resting, looking down on Einsiedeln, the "place of the hermits." One of us, from the steps of a solitary shrine, is thinking grave thoughts, of which she presently gives us the benefit; one who loves roots of all kinds, lies in the embrace of some of the juniper species; and the botanist is down as near the gentians on the precipice as may be, making a sketch on the flyleaf of the "Baedeker," of the valley, with its monastic city, the hills, and the big mountains, which shut it all in lovingly. It would be good to carry about with one always some of the impressions of the last two days. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever." Thousands of His people have come up here to the house of the Lord, generation following generation, and have gone away blessed, often healed of grievous disease. Over these sheep

pastures, humbly making sacred pilgrimage, came year by year the heads of the royal house of Austria. Here the beautiful princess Eugénie loved to come and kneel before the shrine of the black virgin; and with her came the monarch of France, honoring the monastery with large gifts of gems, and lace, and gold. And with those of noble birth come, on certain days in September, an innumerable throng from all lands, through the meadow paths of this beautiful hill country of Switzerland, down into the Valley of Hermits. The church walls record many cases of healing. The story is told on marble tablets and in illuminated text. Poor rheumatic fingers, which grew limber at the sight of the Virgin, have laboriously stitched the tale of healing into perforated cardboard. Wax legs, and arms, and ears attest the miracle cures. The loving church is no respecter of persons, and honors alike the gifts of emperor and peasant. One asks, lying so of a sunny morning above the valley, What came this multitude out to see? and the answer is as of old, "They that wear soft raiment are in kings' houses." We had peered curiously the day before at the small, grotesque figure in black wax which consecrates the church, and came away with astonishment in our hearts. For her safe-keeping the monastery was founded; for her the costly church was built; for her the treasures of a great library, into whose sacred precincts no other woman may pass, were accumulated; and to kneel at her feet the pilgrims yearly come, and bring their costly gifts. Led by the thought of these pilgrimages, the talk wanders back along the centuries, and the mind sees the dynasties of Europe fighting and striving for earthly power; and sees, too, how faith in higher and holier things prostrates all at some shrine to confess weakness, or disease, or sin, and to cry for mercy, and healing, and help.

The little black image with the babe on its arm fell from heaven, one night, some eight centuries after the birth of Christ, at a place on the Limmat not far from Zürich, and a dozen miles from here. The Abbess Hildegarde was divinely directed to bring it to this safe, secluded valley; and she and her nuns, who were all, like herself, of royal blood, made the journey through the snows of winter, bearing the little car with its sacred image.

Other tales of superstition are told as we linger. At last the calls of the inner man are too strong to be resisted, and we descend the other slope of the hill to Altmatt, where bread and milk and eggs refresh us in the

immaculate living-room of a peasant's house. Here the loom for silk weaving jostles the modern sewing machine, chromos from America and mourning pieces done in black worsted hang side by side, and the wainscoting and paneling would grace a palace. The afternoon is spent loitering along the beautiful Schlagstrasse, over the shoulder of the mountain, which faces the Rhigi. We turn aside into the fields for sweet violets and primroses, and linger to look down on the constantly changing views of the lakes of Zug, Lowerz, and Lucerne, and the rolling meadow and orchard land between them.

As we entered Schwyz our spirits received a shock from an old wife, who described us as "*drei Frauenzimmer, die durch das Land laufen.*" Alas, for us! There was something in this highly respectable but unfamiliar epithet which our imagination resented. And, were we *laufing?* A kind old peasant had called our trip a "*scheenes aüsflugli,*" and we had thought it so ourselves; but our pride was touched now, and in the morning we left that most ancient capital with few regrets, even in the face of a mighty wind. We had regained our self-respect somewhat after walking, in a spirit of derision, around their townhall, whose sides are tattooed with gorgeous battle scenes.

If we had known by name the wind we were facing, even we, who had supposed ourselves in touch with all of Nature's moods, might not have persevered so valiantly down to the lake of Lucerne. We were tossed and buffeted as we tried to keep to the meadow path; sometimes we were blinded with dust from the neighboring highway, and sometimes nearly swept into the stream. We clung to the trees for support, or crouched on the ground to escape the big gusts. How the waves dashed at us from the lake, beating back our approach! The wind flung us finally against the door of a friendly inn, where, safe-sheltered, we reveled in the wild beauty of the lake, until the wind lulled a little. For nine miles down the Axenstrasse to Flueln, we watched the lovely mountain lake in every aspect of her wonderful beauty. The wind often abated its force, and then sprang up again in redoubled fury, constantly working changes of color and form upon the surface, but from the edge of the foaming lake, the cliffs rose into snow-crowned peaks, serenely calm, against the clear, blue dome of the sky.

We were in Tell's own country now, and lived over Schiller's vivid drama. Above us was Rütli, where the league for freedom was made. From

a cleft in the rock, on a bed of heather, where we were shielded from the wind, we could see the apparently inaccessible meadows of Bauen. In imagination we leaped on the rock with the gallant hero, at Tell's Platte, and we saw the apple cleft in twain in the square at Altdorf. At the little quiet inn in Flueln, where we were the only guests, the sweet-faced daughter of the house, who served us at supper, apologized for the dry bread which she gave us, because no one was allowed to bake while the *Fohn* was blowing. So we had battled all day with the *Fohn-wind!* It is a wind to be dreaded; and since Grindelwald and Glarus were almost totally destroyed by fire during its blowing, the laws against lighting fires, even for domestic purposes, are very strict. It is the Sirocco, which sweeps over Italy first, and leaves sand from the Sahara on the white snow fields of the Alps, and gathers there, the superstitious tell us, some strange new elements, and descends to the northern valleys with poison in its sting. When the *Fohn* blows, the animals cower in the closest shelter; despondent humanity sinks into deeper mental sloughs; weak-nerved women succumb to imagined terrors; and even the strong and well do not wholly escape its influence. Two days it blew out of a clear sky, and then sank, and left a perfect world, where myriads of flowers rioted up the green slopes, and pulled laughingly at the white skirts of retreating winter.

Here was Vagabondia, and we were its lords. We spent the days out under the gracious skies, basking for hours in the sunshine, and turning aside from the path for every new flower. We were too early in the season to meet the tide of tourists, and only an occasional bridal pair from Germany crossed our path and shared the solitude with us. The big hotels were not yet ready for the summer travel, and we chose quiet little inns, where Swiss food and speech were the rule. We learned that the sign of the Deer and the Bear indicated the best quarters, and that the Lion and the Colt were poor; the Horse was better, and the Eagle was often very fair. There seemed to be as much caste here as we had found in Alaska, where a brown-bear totem indicates the best blood; but Heaven preserve the man who is only a blackfish!

We used to send our luggage by post to the inn of the sign of the Deer, or Bear, in the village where we thought of spending the night, and on arrival we found a self-respecting little maid waiting for us, and there were clean

rooms, good food, moderate bills, and no feeing was expected. So the days passed on the shores of the lakes of Lucerne and Lowerz; among the piles of rock, and in the cool fir shade on the landslide under the Rhigi; by Lake Zug, and back to Zürich.

The spirit of *Wanderlust* was upon us, the cuckoo voice still called, and soon we were again in the country among the flowery meadows, with faces turned to the valley of the Linth.

We were interested to stop at Näfels, for here a friendly engineer, our *vis-à-vis* at Frau Meyer's hospitable board, was building a railroad bridge, and had repeatedly piqued our curiosity and injured our pride by hinting at the importance of this little town in Swiss history. It is delightful to have an opportunity to recover the self-respect which has fled before a feeling of shame at ignorance of local history. Here Conrad Escher reclaimed the land from the marsh, and made of a dangerous waste an agricultural district not to be equaled in several cantons. Five hundred years ago the canton of Glarus sustained eleven attacks of the Austrians in this valley, and gained their independence. In our "Baedeker" we read that "on the second Thursday in April the natives flock to Näfels to celebrate the anniversary." Behold, as we looked, they were flocking to the village from every field path, and happy fortune had brought us here on the second Thursday in April. We resolved to join them, and be Swiss with the Swiss in celebrating their Fourth of July. We walked across the broad fields from the river, trying to follow the throngs of men, women, and children to some central square or townhall for the celebration; but they passed the monument by without a glance, and the eleven memorial stones, and swept quickly into the little lanes and alleys of the village, and there vanished from sight. For once "Baedeker" had failed us, for the people held their celebration after the fields were planted, and the throngs we had seen were men and women returning from their agricultural pursuits to the simple, midday meal. We looked for ours. The search for fruit took us into many little shops, and gave us interesting chats in a dialect new to us, and only mistily understood. We tried to find traces of the ancient Roman occupation of the valley, which left its impress on the speech of the people, and in the names of places here and along the Walensee.

The baker of the village, to whom we went for bread, received us in his underground bakeroom; and while we waited for the last browning of the little loaves, and watched him at work, he told us of the places in town which were worthy a visit. First on the list was the poorhouse. That seemed strange, but, with our hot lunch in our hands, we obediently followed his direction along the street to the poorhouse of the canton. A rather imposing door was the only sign of its former use as a palace. Repeated blows of the fine old knocker gave back hollow echoes, and no one came to admit us. A friendly voice from a window across the way told us to go to a gate in the paling and around to the back door. We took the advice, and soon came upon the poor people sunning themselves in the court, which was once the palace garden, with a fountain in the midst. There were old women knitting the inevitable stockings and gossiping on the stone benches, where fair ladies of other generations were wooed and won under oleander flowers. The cripples hobbled about aimlessly, and the two idiots followed us, as we bravely knocked at an inner door and were admitted. The quarters for the poor people are at the back of the building, and are separated from the front rooms by a grated door, which opened for us and left the uncanny faces of the idiots pressed against its iron traceries on the other side.

We were led into rooms where the walls and ceilings were of exquisitely carved woods, or inlaid in elaborate designs. The work was the most beautiful of the kind that I have ever seen. In one room a great porcelain-tiled stove delighted us. It told tales of chivalry in picture and rhyme, and had a cozy corner in one side halfway to the ceiling, to which tiled steps led up. From such a vantage point, and with such beauty in the paneled and carved walls, the sunny days of feudalism were real and grand; but there was a parable in the fact that the poor are shut out from all this into bare, cheerless places, as the peasants must have been in the old days. These modern days of the brave little republic are best, and one wonders if the independent peasants of to-day smiled when they housed their poor people in the halls built by their oppressors. Later, thus moralizing, we sat on the memorial stones in the field and ate our bread and oranges with peaceful hearts; then walked up the Linth valley under the shadow of the great Glärnisch as the afternoon grew and waned.

At night we took good Swiss soup from the hands of mine host of the Brown Bear, and his "good appetite" was smooth and sweet, like his own honey. He was a shaggy bear, but a genial soul and loved Ameriea, and lingered about in the hope of hearing tales of that far land. The open fire, the low-studded ceiling with its big beams, the long bench under the windows, where the flowers bloomed in the boxes, the cheery, sweet-voiced wife, and pretty, quiet children, created an atmosphere that warmed our hearts. We went to rest thinking of the home land, and with a sympathy for our hosts which did not die out in the two days we spent under their roof; and when we left, we carried a letter of introduction to another hospitable bear in Glarus.

The valley narrows more and more as we ascend it, and its walls are straight cliffs hundreds of feet high, down which pour many waterfalls. Above the meadows, which crown the cliffs, rise giant peaks, six, nine, and eleven thousand feet above us, and over all towers the most superb of the eastern Alps, the Tödi, a nearer view of which we are seeking. At the end of the valley the cliffs close upon the river, which, thus confined to a narrow gorge, rolls thunderously. There is room for no more than the stream here, so we cross it at the mouth of the gorge and climb high up on the steep slope through the woods and across little snow streams which we must ford when we return under a noonday sun. For an hour we follow the little path, sometimes on the edge of the precipice above the river which rushes and roars below, sometimes through the woods where the snow lingers. At last we reach the bridge which the skill of Swiss engineers has thrown over the gorge, and cross to the northern slope, where the woods are thick, and the winter snow still lies deep and trackless. The path is gone, and we have still to reach the inner sanctuary where the glorious Tödi unveils himself to his devotees.

It is a climb we love to remember, for the obstacles were many, and we delighted in them all. With the roaring of the stream in the chasm for our guide, we crept along over the slippery rocks, plunging into deep drifts, and clinging to the trees when our footing failed. At the end of the mile we found what we were seeking, the majestic presence of the monarch of the mountains,—and he was graciously pleased to receive our homage,—in the quiet audience chamber of the winter wilderness.

A short climb downward brought us to the river's level again, and we found ourselves upon a tiny plot of earth a few feet wide, where queer juts of rock shut out the lordly peaks, and the sky was almost lost to sight. It had seemed a safe retreat, as we looked down upon it, but soon a chill of apprehension seized us, and the place bred a terror that all humanity experiences in the face of the unknown and mysterious forces of nature. Only once before had I stood in a place so awful that the blood grew cold in my veins; that was in the Canadian Rockies, when I had climbed alone up a steep slope and crept under the edge of a big glacier, and suddenly became conscious of the miles of ice which stretched above my head to the mountain top. Here, in the Alps, the bit of ground shook with the tumult of the stream; the frost had made great cracks in it and in the rocks around us; and an ominous frost-boom shocked our ears. If the earth had opened under our feet, or the jutting rocks moved together and closed us in, we should have felt that we perished justly for our temerity. Nature's workshop is a very dreadful place, and world-building very awful, and she still knows how to thrill the soul of an intruder who ventures too near.

With no word, not even a look at one another, but with panic in our hearts, we fled back over the snow, and down the slippery, frosty slope, with knees that shook a little, and not alone from fatigue and cold.

After this, our next experience came like a benediction. We rested on a warm, dry bank with faces turned up to the waterfall, which sent little comets of spray sheer down from the cliff two hundred and fifty feet above. The wonderful blending of its many voices played upon our ears, and before our eyes lay wide meadows, clad in the dainty lavender and white of innumerable crocuses and snowdrops. Here, the world seemed made and blessed for man. There, in the deep gloom of the rocks, there was only power, and awful force; here, there was blessing and peace.

Time would fail, as words have, to sing the delights of Switzerland in the early springtime. The roads are splendid for walking, and every man and woman is a host, greeting the wayfarer with kindly words. Strangers are everywhere protected; and if, as some say, it is by the commercial spirit, yet the effect is courtesy on their part, and perfect confidence of good faith on yours.

The Klönthal, visited by all travelers to Glarus, is much like bits of our own beautiful Yellowstone Park. The whole region is threaded with lovely

paths in the midst of grand scenery. The walk from Glarus to Murg, high over the shoulder of Kerzenberg, gives views as fine as the Axenstrasse on the lake of Lucerne, and the road is far lovelier. In many places it is a thousand feet above the Walensee, and shows the precipitous northern walls of the shore, a mile and a half away. The meadows above them are covered with apple trees, which were just coming into abundant bloom as we made our journey. The soft gray of foliage, and clear white and pink of blossom, gave an indescribable charm to the landscape. It is only fifteen or eighteen miles, I think, from Glarus to Murg, where the sunset found us; but it was an all-day's journey for us, for every turn in the road—and they were many—called for a halt to enjoy to the full the loveliest that nature has to give.

"Baedeker" called our inn at Murg "rustic"; and so it was, and also charming. It is set near the lake, with a wide, green meadow full of apple trees stretching to the shore. We were very early in the season for travelers who needed sheets, and the beds were made up for Swiss wayfarers. The under feather bed and the short over feather bed were covered with red calico, and there were pillows to match, but no other equipment of any kind. Our hostess quickly had a room in order for us, however, and we slept soundly, and were off for the Tamina Gorge next morning.

Deep in the secret places of the hills, by a way no man may follow, the Tamina flows, cold and white from the glaciers. It comes to the light of day at last, where the cliffs rise four and six hundred feet above it. One may enter the gorge, and penetrate its gloom and mystery for a quarter of a mile, for a narrow plank footpath clings to the rocks thirty or forty feet above the stream. The walls shut in the river to a width of forty or fifty feet, and meet in a natural bridge two hundred and fifty feet above it. Little brooks from above patter down upon the umbrellas, and the slippery planks tremble with the power of the rushing torrent. In the side of the cliff is an arched cavern, where a hot chemical spring bubbles up, and there are others beyond. These springs bring thousands of invalids to the region every year. There is a bathhouse at the mouth of the gorge, set directly upon the stream, and conduits bring the hot water here and carry it two miles and a half down the stream to the spring house at Ragatz. We took an unexpected steam bath in the cavern we entered, drank of the

tasteless hot water, and then were at liberty to follow our own wishes instead of the guide's, and enjoy the natural beauty and grandeur of the gorge. Then we followed the Tamina down the ravine it has cut out for itself to Ragatz. The road is a fine piece of engineering, and the walk full of beauty. The ravages of frost and snow were being repaired by Italian workmen when we were there. Big bowlders, which had rolled down with miniature avalanches, lay in our way; tiny waterfalls spattered our faces; and sometimes we were met with a shower of little stones that the melting of the frost had loosened from the cliffs. Again we were invading Nature's workshop, and were in danger from flying sparks struck from her anvil. Three miles away, where the Tamina flows out into the Rhine plain, the world was white with blossoming orchards and gay with primroses; but here, winter had not yet released the earth, and was giving her a few last touches, in the hope of remolding her somewhat.

There is much interesting history hereabouts, but my pen is limited, and it is a story of vagabond days to which you are listening. Those were pleasant walks which we took through Wesen and Utznach, but at Rapperschwyl, among the anemones and purple avens, we heard our last cuckoo note, and the spell was broken. To-morrow we should be students again, and far away from Vagabondia. We left that fair land with the shepherd's good-by on our lips:—

Ihr Matten, lebt wohl!
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
——Wir kommen wieder,
Wenn der Kuckuck ruft, wenn erwachen die Lieder,
Wenn mit Blumen die Erde sich kleidet neu,
Wenn die Brünnlein fliessen in lieblichen Mai.

GRACE E. COOLEY.

## THE LAST VICTORY.

So faint with mortal weariness I lie
I cannot lift mine eye
To where the hills rise and the strong stars burn.
The voices of the night speak words of cheer
That fall upon my ear
Only to break the rest for which I yearn.

Foes I have met undaunted. Pain and strife
Were ministers of life.
I greeted danger as one greets a friend.
Hopes died, but fears died with them. All my heart
Leaped to the hero's part.
So I were true, what need of other end?

But now—to feel my courage faint and fall;
To know death's grim, sure call,
Nor flash aquiver with exultant thrill;
Though unaffrayed, to sink in mute dismay,
O'erwhelmed with shadows—Yea,
Even mine own faltering I can face, and will.

MARY S. CASE.

## STERN REALITY.

BETTY was a Socialist. You would never have guessed it had you seen her there on the divan, the rich red pillows forming a most artistic background for the little blonde head. Just now the white forehead was lined by a frown, and the blue eyes were fixed with severe intentness upon the tip of one dainty boot.

But the little foot was not the culprit; Betty's reproachful looks were all intended for Miss Elizabeth Oakley, B.A., who had left college last June with principles, and who had apparently packed those principles away in the camphor chest with her cap and gown, while she "frivoled" away the summer at Lake Camona. To be sure, she had had a jolly time, and one did need a good rest after writing four final papers. But what would the girls think of her, the girls with whom she used to spend Sunday evenings in Lila Hewitt's room eagerly making plans for the social regeneration of this old world? That very morning a letter had come from Lila, telling of a club which she was organizing among the factory girls of her town. And Betty had not done a thing! She was resolved to reform immediately; she would begin some work at Milton House that very day.

Betty's meditations were interrupted by the summons to luncheon.

While Frank was teasing the younger children, Betty glanced uneasily at the stately matron at the head of the table, and cut her chop with unnecessary energy. Finally she remarked in her calmest and blandest tone:

"Mother, I am going to Milton House this afternoon."

Mrs. Oakley laid down her knife and turned a face full of outraged astonishment upon her daughter.

"What, Betty!" she exclaimed; "down to that dreadful Second Street?"

Betty's principles were roused. "Why do you say 'down,' Mother?" she said severely. "Second Street is north of Welford Square, and it is on higher ground, too."

Nice distinctions in the use of prepositions did not interest Mrs. Oakley at that moment. She went on with her protestations: "You are sure to catch some contagious disease, or bring it home to the children. You may be robbed or murdered. Give all the money you choose to those settlements and missions, but I cannot have you going down to such places yourself."

However, before the meal was over, Mrs. Oakley surrendered on honorable terms. "Well," she said, "you are of age, as I have had occasion to remark before. But if you are determined to go, you must not go alone. Frank, can't you take Betty down?"

Frank was sorry, but he had an important engagement at two-fifteen, sharp. He would, however, put Betty into a cab, and make the driver swear not to leave her until the door of Number 16 Second Street closed behind her. He was going to the Union Depot to meet Russell at four-fifty, and they would call on the way home for Betty, and guide her through the perils of the slums under the protection of two manly right arms. Might he inquire if Betty intended to wear a blue flannel blouse and a red Liberty cap?

Betty ignored the wittieism. "Is it this week Mr. Russell is coming, Frank?" she inquired in a very indifferent tone, but with a perceptible deepening of the pink in her cheeks.

All summer Mr. Russell had teased her about her socialistic theories even more persistently than Frank; and ridicule stung when it came from such an amiable, handsome young giant as Will Russell. Betty rejoiced at an opportunity to prove to Mr. Russell that her ideals meant more than dreams; it would be a fine vindication of her earnestness for him to find her in Second Street.

The cab drew up before Number 16, and Betty stepped out into the midst of a group of children, who had hastened up to investigate the rather unusual phenomenon of a hansom in Second Street. Half a dozen boys

accompanied her up the steps, at the top of which they engaged in a spirited contest for the privilege of ringing the doorbell. While one urchin triumphantly jerked the knob, the defeated picked up their caps and then offered their hands to the lady. Betty wished that she had worn a darker pair of gloves, but she smiled graciously and shook hands all around. Then they began to ask questions :—

"Brought any flowers?"

"What's yer name?"

"Are you comin' to live here?"

"Say, are them buttons real gold?"

The door opened, and their further curiosity remained unsatisfied.

Twenty minutes later Betty and the head worker, after an inspection of the house, were seated in the reception room.

"Now, Miss Lee," cried the enthusiastic visitor, "what can I do? I want to begin right away and do just whatever will help you most."

Miss Lee would be delighted to have Miss Oakley's help. There was a cooking class without a teacher at present; could Miss Oakley take that?

Betty's blue eyes danced. Her one culinary accomplishment was the manufacture of "fudge," and she feared that would scarcely be of practical value on Second Street.

Would she like a drawing class? Or take some boys in club swinging?

Betty could not draw a rectilinear cat, and she had never cared for gymnasium work.

Perhaps Miss Oakley would enjoy helping with one of the sewing classes?

Really, Betty had always been so busy that she had never had time for plain sewing.

Could she not play for the little ones to dance?

Betty had not touched a piano for six years.

Poor Betty was beginning to feel that her rightful place was in the class of unskilled labor; but Miss Lee continued optimistic. They would find just the right thing before long, she was certain; and to-day, if Miss Oakley was willing, she could help greatly by tending the door. Betty rejoiced to find anything under the sun that she could do. And being maid was so delightfully democratic!

Miss Lee instructed her new doorkeeper as to the disposal of express packages, whom to admit and whom to exclude, and other details; then retired, with a repetition of her previous injunction not to let in the small boys, upon any pretense whatever.

The bell seemed to jingle every two minutes, and Betty was kept busy and amused, letting in the chattering, bare-headed little girls of the sewing class; the cheerful-looking visitor from out of town, with her arms full of golden-rod; the woman with a dirty baby almost smothered in a dirtier shawl, who asked for the resident physician; and a large violin-case, carried by a tiny maiden in spectacles.

Before long Betty's friends, the boys, appeared at the door. "Can't we come in, Miss Oakley?" they asked innocently, as if they did not know quite as well as Betty herself that the decree of banishment had gone forth against them.

Betty was flattered because they remembered her name, and she saw no reason for keeping out such engaging boys as these. But she was under orders, so "No," it had to be.

When next the door was opened the boys were still there. "Ah, Miss Oakley!" they began. "Won't yer let us in? We'll be good. We'll stay right in the hall. Miss Lee won't care."

Again Betty must refuse, though she found the duty hard.

Before long the bell was rung violently. Betty hastened to the door. It was those boys again. This time their tone was less humble: "Miss Oakley, we want to go in."

"But, my dear boys," remonstrated Betty, "I have already told you twice that you may not come in."

"Yes, we can,—an' we're goin' to!"

"Indeed you are not," replied Betty, firmly.

The manly pride of Second Street could not coldly brook defiance.

"We ain't, eh?" cried one of the larger fellows, shoving a piece of broken broomstick into the hinge, while the foot of one of his companions was wedged against the door.

"Boys, this is ungentlemanly," protested Betty.

"Ah! We're de down-town toughs!" cried one of the crowd, with a mischievous wink.

Betty did her best to hold the door, but her slender, white wrist was not that of the brawny and loyal Kate Barlass,—and the invading host rushed in. The door of the reeeption room stood invitingly open. The boys seized the sofa pillows and began to toss them about, occasionally grazing the lampshade, or one of the beautiful vases on the mantel; they helped themselves to flowers; they jumped on the cushioned ehairs. In truth, they meant no harm, and were enjoying themselves hugely.

The wretehed Betty beheld the vandalism from the hall, where she was having a hand-to-hand struggle with the last boy who had attempted to pass her. He had wriggled out of his eoat when she had tried the conventional method of taking him by the eollar, and was now elinging firmly to the radiator, from which Betty was making strenuons, but futile, efforts to disengage him.

A shadow fell across the open doorway: there stood Frank and Mr. Russell.

"Oh! Do get them out!" eried Betty, in abject femininity.

In half a minute the invaders were swept out, and the door elosed behind them with a bang. Frank and Will busied themselves in gathering up the scattered sofa pillows and two or three caps, abandoned in the hasty retreat of the enemy; but poor Betty threw herself on the stairs, and gave way to her exeitement and fatigue in a wild burst of tears.

The voice of the relentless Frank broke in upon her sobs: "Come, eome, Bettykins! We'll have to be going along. I don't think, sis, you need come down here to preaeh socialism; the Seeond Street youth seems to have already fully mastered your creed of 'What's thine is mine.'"

Betty glaneed up through her tears at the two tall young men standing before her. Frank made no attempt to conceal his smile, and although Mr. Russell was making a determined effort to appear politely sympathetic, Betty was sure she saw in his eyes a gleam of amusement, nay, of triumph! Swallowing a rising sob, she sprang up and began to adjust her veil before the mirror.

"And the eonsequenees were,"—— Well, one of them was that Betty joined a class in physical training that winter; another, that she was promoted from the position of doorkeeper. And she did not marry Will Russell.

E. B. S., '94.

## SALOME'S DAY OF FREEDOM.

Little Salome opened her sleepy blue eyes and promptly answered her mother's summons to get up, by springing out of bed and pattering across the bare floor to call a cheery good morning down the steep, garret-like stairs. It was a lovely Sunday morning in August. The light, white mists rolled away out over the sea. From her little window Salome could see the broad, glittering river as it lay all silver and blue in the morning sun. Farther off, the water in the bay was broken into white caps by the sweet west wind. A thin line of smoke trembled and wavered in its flight over the dark pines of the island at the entrance of the bay. Salome shivered as she thought of the Indian fires, and her guilty plans for the day.

Nevertheless she was a sturdy little New Englander, and as such was not to be daunted, even in carrying out resolves she knew to be wrong. For Salome was determined not to go to meeting. This was no sudden plan of the child's. Long she had dreamt of perfect freedom, were it only for a single day. She was like a wild bird among her tame little Puritan sisters. They did their daily stint and their weekly catechism with a ready obedience, and, lessons over, as gravely and punctiliously played "Queen Anne" and "Little Sally Waters." But, misunderstood by her companions, she would leave them to their decorous play and steal away toward the dark fir forest back of the village. Afraid of nothing, she even ventured into the gloomy shade of the forbidden wood. Her deepest joys were to pick the fragile wood anemone and the waxen flowers of the bunchberry, and to croon lullabies to her wooden doll. In such rambles the entrancing vision of a whole day unembarrassed by sermon or stint had come to her with overpowering force. This morning, for the first time in her life, she shuddered at the smoke from the distant wigwams. Fear and consciousness of guilt in a hitherto clear Puritan conscience are synonyms.

Slowly dressing, she presented herself late at family prayers. At breakfast she tasted nothing. "Salome is ill," thought the tender mother, and, overworked and hurried as she was, would not allow the little girl to help her tidy up before meeting. Seated in a corner of the old settle, little Salome felt a lump rise in her throat as the dear mother bustled about, only stopping to stroke her baby's cheek and say: "Poor child! It wa

too warm for thee to go to the village yesterday. A cup of this tea will help thy head." Wretched enough at the comforting words so undeserved, Salome needed not to deceive. Tired and ill she certainly looked, as she crouched in her corner. But at last the dishes were done. The cold lunch was packed for the churchgoers. The old family wagon was at the door. Before leaving the house the mother brought a steaming bowl of herb tea to the child, and with many cautions and directions climbed into the carryall and was gone.

When the rumble of the heavy wheels died away, Salome sprang up and danced for joy. In the first moments of freedom one forgets its cost. First she seized the big bowl, and poured its gruesome, black contents out of the window. Then she gathered her battered doll to her bosom, and began her preparations. Carefully packing bread and cheese in her sunbonnet, she tied this firmly to her arm and tiptoed quietly out of the house. For some distance she followed the main road in the opposite direction to that her family had taken, and with an abrupt turn suddenly started for the shore. After an hour's aimless wandering she reached a beautiful green point, jutting out for some distance into the clear water. The pine needles carpeted the ground at her feet. Over her head the sun seemed to have lost its way in the tree tops, for it was cool and dark. After a short rest, Salome picked up her treasures and climbed down to the shore. Skipping stones, pulling up the golden seaweed, and searching for sea urchins in the quiet tide-pools in the rocks, took her farther away than she had meant to go. She remembered that she had had no breakfast. So following the ledge down to the very water, she first carefully put her doll to bed, and then opened her sunbonnet and ate her luncheon. Now, whether because she was drowsy after her long walk, or because the little ripples murmured so soothingly, or she was a bit lonely and disinclined to play, she followed her doll's example and fell asleep.

After several hours had passed, Salome awoke with a start. The sky was growing dark. The incoming tide had washed her doll beyond her reach. Instinctively turning for aid, she cried aloud for fear at what she saw. The rising waves had cut her off from the shore, and in a few moments the very rock on which she stood would be covered. Along the bank slowly paced a dark figure. The long, black gown and broad-brimmed hat

betrayed the foe more hated than the Indian himself—the Indian's "black-robe." The young man, however, seeing the child's danger, closed his mysterious little book, and with a few long strides picked up the frightened child, wholly unconscious of the mortal fear his act caused her. But when he quickly interpreted a wistful glance by wading out to rescue the drowning doll, Salome with childish confidence nestled quite contentedly in his arms. Not long after the Jesuit reached the village church with his burden. Afternoon meeting was just over. As the tall, gaunt figure stooped to put the child down, a murmur of horror rose from the group at the door. Terrified by the threatening looks, Salome stretched out her tiny arms to the priest as her only refuge, but was checked by her father's stern voice. He grasped her harshly by the hand and together they left the assembly, he with head bowed in speechless shame and anger. And the priest, unthanked and unaddressed, as silently left the village.

EMILY POOLE BAXTER, '97.

## FAIRYLAND.

Sith none that breatheth living aire does know
Where is that happie land of Faerie.
—*Spenser.*

Fairyland, oh, Fairyland!
Show us the road to Fairyland.
We are weary of work and woe,
Along our pathway the briers grow,
And high is the hedge on either hand,
Far have we fared from the Fairyland.
Fairyland, oh, Fairyland!
Show us the road to Fairyland.

Fairyland, oh, Fairyland!
Lost is the road to Fairyland;
Across the storied years it winds,
Through human hearts and human minds.
None liveth now who may understand
The mystic magic of Fairyland.
Fairyland, oh, Fairyland!
Lost is the road to Fairyland.

Fairyland, oh, Fairyland!
Who will win back to Fairyland?
He who dwells in the yesterdays
May find the path o'er "ferny braes,"

May meet the queen of the elfin band,
And come to the long-lost Fairyland.
Fairyland, oh, Fairyland!
Who will win back to Fairyland?

MARY HOLLANDS MCLEAN.

## SWINBURNE, THE PAGAN WORSHIPER.

SIMPLICITY, elevation, and repose,—these constitute the essentials, one might almost say the totality, of Greek life. They are the common qualities of Greek literature, sculpture, philosophy, oratory; of the drama of Sophocles, the marbles of Phidias, the speculations of Plato, the clear speech of Pericles. A harmony and fine, even balance lives throughout, and above all a completeness, a perfection possible because of the very limitation of the whole. For the Greeks, a man's life was measured by the span of his years, and this life gave room for all the attainments of aspiration. To search into the infinite was to court unrest and madness. The Greek could hope only to make the present perfect and beautiful, and that he did work out to its fullness, æsthetically, ethically, and spiritually, in a way possible only by limitation.

Such complete unity could not be otherwise than attractive to the poetic mind of men in the present everyday world of doubt and struggle. The beauty and joy of Greek life, the purity and sobriety of Greek thought, with its separateness and strength of calm, its self-reliance, its sufficiency, afford a haven of peace from troubled questioning. Almost without exception our modern poets fall under this attraction, and some part of their work shows its influence. Of these, Rossetti, Arnold, and Swinburne stand out together, alike and yet unlike in their pagan devotion. Rossetti represents the power of æsthetic attraction. He is always in thrall of his vision of Beauty, so purely the Greek ideal, and he pursues this vision with thought akin to that of Michael Angelo, who saw, even as the first white chips flew from his chisel, the perfect sculpture imprisoned in the rough block of marble. Rossetti worshiped the Beauty which reveals itself in the least of things, which Plato conceived. "He that gazed so earnestly on what things in that holy place were to be seen,—he when he discerns on earth some godlike countenance or fashion of body that counterfeits Beauty well, first of all he trembles, and

then comes over him something of the fear which erst he knew; but looking on that earthly beauty he worships it as divine, and if he did not fear the reproach of utter madness, he would sacrifice to his heart's idol as to the image and presence of a God"—such is the vision of Rossetti. Arnold, however, sad and renunciative, turning from the faith as from a "holy vision lost," clings to the solace of an ethical god, calm, balanced, self-dependent. He seeks no more than the perfect self-control which he is able to attain only through acceptance of the Greek limitations of things. His paganism is regretful. But Swinburne, combining the characteristics of both the others, goes still further, and exults in an intense spiritual paganism. Swinburne's passion for beauty is more uncontrolled than Rossetti's, and sometimes not so inspired; his ethical creed may not be so strong as that of Matthew Arnold, but his pagan devotion is deliberate and determined, developed from a mere æsthetic love to a gospel of religious denial. It is not altogether fantastic to trace this development through a few of Swinburne's short poems. The "Hymn to Proserpine," "Atalanta in Calydon," "The Last Oracle,"—these poems are representatives of pagan influence.

Early in his career Swinburne strikes the keynote of his song with the perfect Greek character of his "Atalanta." The perfection of form and detail suits him,—the poet with his large wonder and love of sensuous beauty. He immediately finds himself in his true atmosphere. The movement of the Atalanta is strong and natural, the choruses sound with unparalleled music, the descriptions, above all, show Swinburne at his best. The Greek love of good, strong living is in his conception of his hero, Meleager.

> "For like one great of hand he bears himself,
> Vine chapleted, with savors of the sea,
> Glittering as wine and moving as the wave. . . ."
> "Like a sun in spring that strikes
> Branch into leaf and bloom into the world,
> A glory among men meaner."

And again the same thing when the young Greek stands,

> "Rockfooted, fair with fierce and fastened lips,
> Clear eyes and springing muscle and shortened limb;
> With chin aslant, indrawn to a tightening throat,
> Grave and with gathered sinews, like a god."

Such a picture of life, and strength, and beauty is not found outside the old Hellas. "Like a god" brings us back to the words of Plato. Swin-

burne, looking upon such beauty and attracted by it, sees the divine in it, "worships it as divine." Not fearing "the reproach of utter madness," he does "sacrifice to his heart's idol as to the image and presence of a god," and he is carried away by religious fervor. At first the poet worships instinctively, seeing only amid the tumultuous present the beauty and rest of the pagan world. He kneels as before something peaceful, beautiful, and perfect in itself, which is to be reverenced as such. It is the response of his nature.

> "Look fair, O gods, and favorable; for we
> Praise ye with no false heart or flattering mouth,
> Being merciful, but with pure souls and prayer."

But if Swinburne's worship is at first instinctive, it soon becomes conscious. Floating as he does upon his summery sea of dreams, he yet cannot quite ignore the world as it is. There is an old story that one night, eighteen hundred years ago, a wonderful star shone over a field in a far country. Following the star, some shepherds came upon a child, lowly-born in a stable. The child lived, and grew, and became a humble Galilean workingman. Nothing is known of him except a few simple acts and sayings, and the fact of his death at the age of thirty. His life contained nothing great or striking, his death was ignominious, yet for eighteen centuries this man has held the eyes of the world; powerful and learned men bow before him; he is called the Master of mankind. Swinburne, in the world, cannot escape him.

The result of this unavoidableness of Christianity is, that Swinburne is obliged to defend himself against himself and it. At first he finds this easy. The very aspect of the Christian religion is repugnant to him. To his warm, adoring nature how hard, cold, and narrow are the followers of the unlovely Christ! A comparison between their gods and his own strengthens this view. He looks upon Christianity as only a parenthesis in the world's story, and speaks quite confidently.

> "Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean; thy dead shall go down to thee dead.
> Of the maiden thy mother men sing as a goddess with grace clad around. . . . .
> . . . . Not as thine, not as thine was our mother a blossom of flowering seas,
> For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves and regretted; but she
> Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, imperial, her foot on the sea,
> And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless ways
> And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the bays."

Truly these beauties are the things to worship,—the others cannot last, Swinburne cries positively, describing the "young, compassionate gods." He compares again:—

"Wilt thou take all, Galilean? but these thou shalt not take,
The laurel, the palms, the pæan, the breast of the nymphs in the brake;
More than these wilt thou give, things fairer than all these things?"

"Nay," he argues,

"for a little while we live, and life hath mutable wings;
A little while and we die: shall life not thrive as it may,
For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving his day,
And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath enough of his tears."

Christianity is not attractive, it cannot satisfy. The poet decides deliberately turning with a shudder from its horrors,

"O lips, that the live blood faints in, the leavings of rack and rods.
O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted gods,
Though all men abase them before you in spirit, and all knees bend,
*I* kneel not neither adore you."

With loyal and exalted passion he dedicates himself:—

"Goddess, and maiden, and queen, be near me now and befriend.
O daughter of earth, of my mother, her crown and blossom of birth,
I am also, I also, thy brother; I go as I came unto earth,
In the night, where thine eyes are as moons are in heaven—the night where thou art,
Where the silence is more than all tunes, where sleep overflows from the heart,
Where poppies are sweet as the rose in our world, and the red rose is white,
And the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume of the flowers of the night.
And the murmur of spirits that sleep in the shadow of gods from afar
Grows dim in thy ears and deep as the deep, dim soul of a star;
In the sweet, low light of thy face, under heavens untrod by the sun,
Let my soul with these souls find peace, and forget what is done and undone."

Line after line might be given confirming this final resolve, breathing with the pure fire of pagan devotion. It seems so easy to rest free from doubt in Arcadia, surrounded by all the Loves and the Hours, wrapt in dreams, watched over in blithe confidence by "whatever gods may be."

"Therefore, now at thy feet I abide for awhile in silence; I know
I shall die as my fathers died and sleep as they sleep, ever so—"

That is, no god is found stronger than death; the dead never rise.

But the silence will not remain unbroken.

Swinburne is still in the world, and the world cannot escape the Christ. The poet has examined Christianity, and has found it not fair; he has adopted the more pleasant ideal, he has lulled his senses to satisfaction, but the spirit roams still. Everywhere it is confronted by the great fact of renunciation and redemption. Then comes the struggle of denial.

The first note is of prayer, full of anxious but yet steadfast faith.

> "Yet it may be, lord and father, could we know it,
> We that love thee for our darkness shall have light,
> More than ever prophet hinted of old, or poet
> Standing crowned, and robed, and sovereign in thy sight.
> . . . . With the gift thou hast given us of speech;
> We praise, we adore, we beseech,
> We arise at thy bidding and follow;
> We cry to thee, Answer, appear.
> O father of us all, Paian, Apollo,
> Destroyer and healer, hear!"

But life grows bitter indeed

> "When for chant of Greeks the wail of Galileans
> Made the whole world moan hymns of wrath and wrong."

The next cry is full with the agony of despair for the dead sadness of the hated religion.

> "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown gray from thy breath.
> We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death."

For a man with a nature like Swinburne's to accept what he believes to be a cold and cruel creed, even when it is forced upon him, is clearly impossible. The result worked in him is just as inevitable as the fact that it must be forced upon him. He cannot escape it; he rebels with all the power that he has. From simply ignoring, or, at most, tolerating with a sort of curious contempt the religion which everywhere confronts him, he is spurred to open defiance. The climax of the Atalanta is the climax of the struggle, his final cry:—

> "Because thou art over all who art over us;
> Because thy name is life and our name is death;
> Because thou art cruel and men piteous,
> And our hands labor and thy hand scattereth,—
> Lo, with hearts rent and knees made tremulous,
> Lo, with ephemeral lips and casual breath,

> At least we witness of thee ere we die
> That these things are not otherwise but thus—
> That each man in his heart sigheth and saith
> That all men, even as I,
> All we are against thee, *against thee*, O God, most high."

The defiance is that thrown upward to a cruel God from a soul willed not to be moved. We have been carried on so quickly, the development has taken place so rapidly, revealed only here and there through the poems, that we are hardly prepared for the change which comes with this final cry. The spirit of Swinburne the poet, however plastic it may once have been with the first delight in the mythic fancies of Hellas, however tolerant, at least for others in the gray religion, sets suddenly into something hard and determined. He defies spirit; he makes himself passionately and completely a pagan.

Yet in this strenuous effort of paganism what is the result? Swinburne himself sighs,

> "Yea, not yet we see thee, father, as they saw thee—
> They that worshiped when the world was theirs and thine;"

and it is so true, he does not see with the world-fresh eyes. The old Greek pagan spirit was of a love of strong, sweet life, of joy and delight, not of defiance; of reverence, not of blasphemy. Something like this was his first attraction. Now the tinge of bitterness shows its mark, the elevation, distinction, blitheness of genuine Hellenism is lost. In the ancient creed, the Greek tragedy, was an element of fatalism, it is true; but that was to a degree subordinated, low at the heart and only hinted at now and then. Swinburne allows it to overpower him; he rails at Fate with mingled awe and hatred; he never overcomes it. The healthfulness of the Greek spirit is gone. Without this the cry of the soul must be heard. Though the spirit still wanders in Elysian fields the want cannot be ignored, the shadows themselves are the witnesses of denial. It is neo-paganism, the paganism of degeneration.

There is not much more to be said. With the conditions the result could not well be otherwise. No matter how pleasant are the memories of the simple myths of old, the world to-day is not the time of the gods, the past cannot be made into the present. Therefore a man in the world now

cannot shape his life on the pattern of the world of yesterday. He may dream of it, he can never live it. The true Pan is dead. Once, long ago, a Man hung by his hands, stretched out and nailed to a rough-shaped cross. Hanging there with the mocking crowd passing about him, he suffered and finally died, neglected, in the darkness. Yet the cold world remembers this thing, and from that day, it is said, the gods have been forgotten.

"Pan is dead, Great Pan is dead;
Pan, Pan is dead."

MARY HEFFERAN, '96.

## THEMES.

I HAVE been thinking in the First Floor Center. What a cosmopolitan place it is! The palms stretch tall and thin toward the roof, or group their big, fan-like leaves close to the earth. Harriet Martineau, a giant of a woman, sits fronting them, with her calm, new-world intelligence and precise hands folded upon a pile of papers in her lap. Dante is there in deep thought, looking through and beyond the palms. Petrarch in the southwest corner looks out upon a New England lake, and opposite him Beatrice Cenci kneels at confession. Between the two Old World poets, the beautiful, lovable Queen of Prussia is forever descending those endless stairs, and the swift, careful-footed sybil flees eternally with her precious burden through a wind-swept wood. One sees the wide perspective of an English bridge with its scene of human conventionality, and, facing this, the summits of the Rocky Mountains piercing the indigo intensity of a Western sky.

IT is the most fascinating of little shops. The entrance is flanked by two small bay windows, in which Madame Currier displays her wares. There is a pleasing incongruity of color about this display. In one window is a shirt waist of unknown order, a dozen or so caps assorted in color and style, several quills for trimming hats, and a suggestion or two of the underwear that may be obtained within. In the other window are displayed various styles of stationery, candles, souvenir spoons, china dolls and certain literary productions, among which cookbooks are conspicuous.

You may handle the wares in Madame Currier's shop with freedom, and there is a certain irresistible temptation in this knowledge. You may buy

anything from a linen "Brownie," to be stuffed for some infant's edification, to drapery for your windows, or a parti-colored flannel skirt. After passing untempted through Wanamaker's, Macy's, and Jordan & Marsh's you fall an easy prey to the curious fascination of Madame Currier's. If you stop to buy pins you see a pen-tray that you want, or, suspended aloft, a possible cover for your new couch. Next you are struck by a candle of a particular shade or an aluminium penholder. The gentle and dignified indifference of Madame to your purchases kindles a desire to amaze her at any cost, and you spend your money in a lordly way, leaving repentance and remorse to the morrow.

### AUGUSTINE.

I KNEW her only at school, but these are the things which impressed me most. She was tall, fair, and cold as a statue, and she had that air of potential power which is noticeable in the marble women of the Greeks. There was a look of indifferent criticism in her eyes which gave to the boldest among us an uncanny, self-conscious feeling. Her gowns were plain even to severity, but there was about them an air that baffled imitation. Her long, slender hands moved deliberately, and gave one a fine impression of strength.

Augustine's voice was the most remarkable thing about her; it was full of sweetness, intense, powerful. When she sang she was no longer Augustine; the music transformed her, melted the ice in her eyes, made her beautiful. As for us,—we dared not breathe; we lost ourself in a living intensity of sound. Then when she ceased singing she drew herself up, folded the music deliberately with her strong, fair hands, and resumed her habitual air of cold attention.

### ALFIERI.

ALFIERI is the sort of man that we call insane. His virtues and vices are both forcibly extreme, and cancel each other in a curious way. Notwithstanding the most extravagant passion for personal liberty, he is a slave to his own vices, his own temper. He is a dramatic poet without any sense of plot, without the ghost of an imagination. He is generous, and yet palpably self-centered. He worships truth, yet, with every intention to be

scrupulously exact, he lies so skillfully as to deceive himself. His self-love amounts to devoted admiration, yet he dissects himself pitilessly, exposing his pettiest meannesses and weaknesses. He wastes an entire youth in pursuits that are worse than useless, and then works at a death-luring rate in order to overtake his ideal, which is a curious summation of the virtue, genius, learning, success of all men and all time.

Possibly these contradictions arise from the incompatibility of his restless ideal and his temperament and early life. While intellectually despising him, we give him a sort of sympathy. There is a certain dignity about him in spite of everything — the dignity of pathos. He is never amusing. His most humorous moments are too dramatically intense for that. Unconsciously we follow his mental finger, that points to his oddly exhaustive ideal. "This is the true Alfieri:—admire!"

I saw a plant in blossom and began to think.

There is that creed of Epicurus: to get Happiness is the chief end of Man. It is curiously suggestive. Is it justifiable?

The Stoic seeks Virtue for Virtue's sake, conforms to Law, and is satisfied with the wonder, the mechanism of it all. The Epicurean acknowledges the wonder, the fineness of the mechanism, and adds Beauty.

After all, Law is a means. It exists for the sake of a Harmony. The law of gravitation produces harmony in the solar system. The laws of plant life produce the flower. The moral law produces soul-harmony or Happiness. Isn't it the function of the plant to produce a flower? of humanity, through Law, to attain real harmony, beauty—Happiness?

That blossom has convinced me that the Epicurean includes the Stoic, and with wisdom looks beyond Law to its ultimate—Beauty. The Stoics were incipient scientists; Epicurus was a poet.

Virginia Sherwood, '96.

### MARJORIE'S SWING.

We have a swing at our house which our best cousin hung for us. It is as high as the roof to the upper veranda, and as strong, Ted thinks, as the arm of the sexton who rings our church bell; and the rope passes twice through the swing-board, so that it is really very much harder to fall out than to stay in.

We have to take turns just after we come home from school,—there are six of us, you know,—because it would not be fair for Ted and me to have it first always, though we can run fastest and get home soonest. We can swing highest, too. We have swung so high that our feet touched the tips of the apple trees; and when the blossoms were there they would come whirling and chasing down with us.

Once last summer when a great storm was coming up, I was out there by myself in the swing. The wind was strong before the rain began and it moved the swing without my helping. That made me think of working the swing against the wind and letting it push me back again. It was hard work, but such fun! I got higher and higher, till I could see over and through the trees the dust from the wagon road whirled along in columns, and felt the branch above me bend and the rope give and sway. I wanted to sing, but I had no breath for that. I held tight and worked on till I felt the rain in my face. Then I sat down and "let the old cat die"; but when I went in and told mother about it, do you know, I think she was really frightened.

### IN JORDAN, MARSH & CO'S.

It is the hour before noon and the crowd of shoppers in the great, unattractive, miscellaneous shop moves more quickly and shoves its individual members more disturbingly than during the earlier part of the morning. The clerks are more nervous, the "floor-walkers" more arbitrary, the "cash" girls more impertinent. The crowd about the stairway and elevator blocks the space as far out as the tables in the center of the broad aisle, making the passage difficult, and the collective loss of temper appalling.

Two women turn from the apron-gingham table and face the stairs. The slight disappointment in their cheap bargain is enough to make their faces common and unbeautiful; and their determined attempts to secure a passage even hardens them. They make one more of the many jarring or painful suggestions in the crowd. But suddenly one of them pauses and looks up with a smile. The other follows her look, nods, and brightens likewise. In a moment a pleasant little murmer, a kind of lull in the harsher noise, goes through the crowd. The clerks notice it. Even the cash girls pause.

And the reason? All because a white-capped baby is suddenly discovered half-way up the broad flight of steps. From under the white frock two unmanageable feet, obviously of no great use in descending the stairs, stick out stiffly. They cannot reach the step next below. Dusty little hands show the service they have rendered in the descent. All alone, but by no means unarmed, in a calmly contemplative attitude this philosopher of no experience, this quieting, blessing, yet wholly unsympathetic benefactor faces meditatively the smiling crowd below. For a moment only, until they carry her off; but this makes the uncommon moment of the endless common moments of the day.

### SKEPTICISM.

POLLY and Ruth were lying abed on Sunday morning wondering how long an hour was, and why grown people found it necessary to go to sleep again after they had been waked up. They had been warned that mother would not come to them for an hour and they were biding their time. Polly said,

"I wonder how it is when everybody is asleep; everybody, everywhere, you know."

"It's dark," answered Ruth, "but the stars keep on shining, and it's as still as anything. Still all night as it is when grace is said at table. And sometimes it rains and in the morning ——"

"How do you *know*, though?"

"That's the way it is when we go to bed; and people always say when they talk about it, and it says so in books. Don't you know in 'Twinkle, twinkle?' 'Then you show your tiny light, twinkle, twinkle all the night.'"

"But, Ruth, were you ever awake all night and saw how it was?"

"No."

"Are you sure those other people stayed up ever ALL night to see?"

"Well,—no."

"Ruth, do you know what I think? I think people don't really know about it at all. I believe they just make up the parts they don't know, in the way we do the end of the fairy tales we can't remember. And the other people don't know any better, so they just let them."

JOANNA PARKER, '96.

## AFTERGLOW.

Upon the never-weary father breast
  Of God, the world of suffering ever lies,
  Yet oft, methinks, He gladly turns His eyes
At nightfall on the works He loves the best.
When the last light has faded from the west,
  Over the mountains rose-red splendors rise
  Transfiguring their foreheads, and the skies
Glow tenderly above the world at rest.

I watch the fire high and higher creep.
  It brightens, pulsates, lingers, and is done;
  And my soul bows in awe and joy the while,
For, ere the earth doth fold her hands in sleep,
Before the stars break through it one by one,
  I feel that I have seen God's very smile.

HELEN PEARSON MARGESSON, '96.

## HARDY'S WOMEN.

IT is always interesting to study an author's treatment of women, and to notice how the popular ideal of womanhood changes from generation to generation. The women of our earlier fiction were for the most part idealizations, embodiments of the writer's notion of what a woman should be. The women of our fiction of to-day claim to be reproductions from life, though many of us will dispute the justice of their claim. No recent novelist offers a wider field for the study of these latter-day women of fiction than does Thomas Hardy; furthermore, no group of characters from the pen of any author has been so widely praised and condemned as have these same women of Hardy's. It will be found that in most of his novels the interest centers about the women. We notice it particularly because he introduces us to a new type, or, rather, to old types in a new light, the pastoral light of unrestrained rustic life in Wessex. The stories of "A Group of Noble Dames" are little more than the records of the actions of certain women blown about on the varying winds of passion. In "The Return of the Native" our whole attention is bent on Eustacia. The story is pervaded by her personality, the other characters impress us merely as influences that may work good or evil upon her life. In Bathsheba also we find the main-

spring of "Far from the Madding Crowd." But in no book which Hardy has yet written is the interest so entirely riveted upon the woman as in "Tess." It is the record of a struggle against that blind, overwhelming force vaguely called circumstances, the story of a woman's life spent in useless beating against the bars. This concentration of attention upon his women is due, first, to the fact that the chief end of woman in novels is to love or be loved; secondly, to the very nature of the setting of Hardy's stories. His plots are worked out among the simple people of remote Wessex. We expect, accordingly, to find a strong development of the love motif and a corresponding increase in the importance of his women.

Though anything more than a hasty review of them is at present impossible, these women introduced to the world of fiction by Hardy's pen would well repay a far more careful study. The first thing in regard to them which even the most careless reader notices, is that they readily fall under two types, the one gentle, timid, yielding; the other fiery, self-willed, impetuous. The anomalous Tess is, perhaps, the one exception, for in her we see a nature yielding, even soft, but with hidden reserves of strength and the capacity for being stirred up to a passionate heat. Frequently we have the two types in the same story, each by contrast bringing out the character of the other. No two of his women throw each other more into relief by such contrast than Bathsheba, already mentioned, and Elfride in "A Pair of Blue Eyes." Elfride is fragile, sensitive, clinging, and dependent. A glance sends the blood surging over her face, and in excitement her heart beats so violently that the table near her is set rocking. Bathsheba is willful and imperious, directing her work-folk with a high hand, bursting in upon the kitchen servants in whirls of indignation, twice dismissing Oak in anger, and frightening simple Liddy out of her wits by contradictory commands. Elfride goes with Stephen to London; then her courage fails her, and she returns home without marrying him. Bathsheba goes to Budmouth determined to break off with Troy, but, carried away by impulse, she marries him. Elfride, after her quarrel with Knight, follows him and throws herself upon his mercy. When he will not come back to her, she withers like some delicate vine rudely torn from its support. Bathsheba, after her wild appeal to Troy over the body of Fanny Robin, flees from him in anger, regards his disappearance with indifference, and after his death

lives to marry again and to find the stores of happiness in life by no means exhausted. Hardy's treatment of women thus diametrically opposed is so skillful, so masterly, that we find ourselves drifting into the belief that there are but these two types in life.

Such women as these to be attractive must be beautiful. It is curious to note how far beauty of person will make beautiful, or, at least, tolerable, the deeds of a woman. If she is haughty and imperious, her beauty becomes "regal" and "commanding." If she is timid and gentle, or weak and clinging, it is "appealing." A plain woman may be the central figure of a novel only as she possesses some powerful intellectual or moral quality to balance her plainness. A woman of passion and emotion is in danger of becoming ridiculous if she is not endowed with beauty. All Hardy's women are so endowed, though there is in their beauty little of intellect and nothing of spirit. It is like that of free and joyous wild creatures, timid does, and lithe young panthers. Of the two types he gives us, the fair, delicate, and spring-like characteristics naturally belong to his meek Elfrides; the sultry, dark-haired and dark-eyed to his Bathshebas and Eustacias. His is so much a gospel of beauty that, we are forced to feel, a woman who did not fulfill its requirements would in one of his stories be little better than a criminal.

It is impossible to say how far his women derive attractiveness from their surroundings. Hardy's treatment of nature is in itself worthy of careful study. He seems particularly happy in giving his women appropriate and effective backgrounds. His delicate perception as a worshiper of universal beauty enables him to fit them to nature. Like the earth, air, and sky about them, they are parts of a whole. We recognize this subtle dependence most clearly in the case of Eustacia. What more fitting surrounding for this mysterious, black-haired, passionate lady than the equally mysterious heath, where night rises from the ground to meet night descending from the sky? We feel her oneness with the place and the night when we first see her standing on the barrow, outlined against the sky, "her figure to the hill as the lantern to the dome;" we feel it as she stands beside the signal fire that calls her lover back to her; most of all we feel it when that last night on the heath she mingles her tears of misery with the beating of the storm.

Leaving externals apart, if we attempt to discover the real being of these women, we find them compounds of instinct, emotions, and passions. In none do we find those elements which we esteem the basis of genuine character. Without exception they are guided by no principle whatever. In Elfride, perhaps, we see some notion of duty to her father; in Tess, an idea of the moral obligation resting on her to confess to Clare. But in both instances these feeble flickerings of high purpose are utterly extinguished by blasts of most earthy passion. Whether Hardy intends to imply that such is the nature of all women, we cannot be sure. If he does, we make no further comment than that Americans, at least, look upon his women as marked exceptions and regard them with wonder and pity.

To the greater number of readers the most striking characteristic in many of these women is their inconsistency. So different are they in this respect from the ordinary women of fiction that they would fill us with amusement, did not incredulity and indignation get the upper hand. Their emotional nature is the root of this quality. What high or consistent course can be expected when the only law is passion? We have but to strip away the various emotional phases that underlie and prompt the deeds of most of Hardy's women to find ample proof for this point. "A Group of Noble Dames" might very well be styled "A Volume of the Inconsistencies of Women." Take the story of the "First Countess of Wessex" and see how Betty and her mother justify the title which has been proposed. Betty refuses to join her husband, and infects herself with smallpox to escape him. Her mother insists on his coming to claim his bride. Then Betty, deserted by her lover, falls in love with her husband and is forbidden by her mother to go to him. That Betty joins her husband without her mother's consent, and that her mother then accepts the situation with philosophic calmness, is also characteristic of Hardy's women, as anyone familiar with them will readily agree. Whatever we may think of the character of such women, we must admit that their caprices and unaccountable revulsions of feeling furnish material for clever and interesting, if somewhat cynical, stories.

Some of Hardy's women, notably Tess, may be defended from the charge of inconsistency, but for their truthfulness no favoring word can be said. Not one of the whole number has this first and most important element of character developed sufficiently to withstand the impulses of a pas-

sionate nature. Appealing to us strongly as many of them do, we must, nevertheless, censure them in this particular. The difficulty is not to find an illustration for the point, but to select one. Eustacia, Elfride, and Tess exhibit a melancholy likeness. Eustacia in not telling Clym of his mother's visit, and Elfride in concealing from Knight her former engagement to Stephen, heap up an appearance of guilt mountain high where straightforward truth would have shown them innocent of offense. Tess deserves especial notice, not because her untruth, or rather holding back of the truth, works out a more tragic end, but because she is incomparably the greatest of all Hardy's women. We appreciate the strength of resolve necessary for her to confess to Clare her previous connection with D'Urberville, but we do not think it passing the power of woman. It is human to be weak, and the conduct of these women may be true to human nature, but not to the best kind of human nature. It is useless to condemn them for their failures and to point out wherein they fall short of the lofty and noble; they are not to be judged by the same standard as Romola or Dinah Morris. Hardy himself would be the last one to suggest such a comparison.

Yet all his women have a claim to greatness. They reach nobility in one quality, their power of loving. But with most of them even this claim is slight, for they cannot be said to be governed by any strong or deep affection, but rather by passion. We feel too often that did not some misfortune fret their love, it would last but for a mood or a season. Where its course flows smoothly, we cannot help seeing that it rises from no deep, unfailing fountain; it is too quickly changed to indifference, to hatred. Eustacia's love for Clym cools down when married life has removed from him the glamour of Paris. Bathsheba's feeling for Troy is fast changing to indifference when she learns the story of Fanny Robin, and it quickly becomes aversion in the scene over the dead woman's coffin. Elfride, tender, clinging nature that she is, loses her whole personality in Knight's. Her love makes her as great as a woman of such a nature could be. She stands next to Marty South and Tess. Marty's noble passion for Winterborne keeps her unselfishly and silently devoted while he lives and lastingly faithful to him when he dies. Of Tess's love for Clare we can say only that almost it passes the love of women. For him she endured all that human nature could have borne. At last she fell. Her nature was human, not divine. Marty South

and Tess rise above the refined sensualism of Hardy's other women. We detect in these two faint glimmerings of spirituality. Their love most nearly approaches the ideal—pure, unselfish, and self-sacrificing.

In one other particular these women differ from most of their sisters in fiction and in real life. They seem to have absolutely no religious instinct. We have been accustomed to hear that women have more strongly developed religious feeling than men; observation of church attendance certainly points that way. Many women, moreover, who are apparently indifferent to religion have the religious feeling lying dormant, and only awaiting the occasion that shall arouse it. Hardy's women have no such feeling to arouse. So well satisfied are they with the beauties of this palpable universe, so full of the joy of the present, or so weighted down by its woe, that they never see nor desire to know that something lies behind the veil. Bathsheba prays on that tragic night when Fanny Robin lies dead in her house, but she prays neither to anything nor to anyone. She gives vent to emotions that must have expression, and it is a vague lingering of tradition and custom that causes her to fall on her knees. Tess's religion is her love for Clare. Eustacia is essentially pagan, a part of the ancient heath, a daughter of its elder days. She has nothing more in common with Christianity than has the heath itself. So far are all Hardy's women parts of the sensible world around them that they have but little greater need for religion than have the plants and the trees.

If in this hasty sketch of the general characteristics of these fascinating women the criticism seems harsh, it has not been made so intentionally. We have but judged them by the standards by which we estimate women whom we usually meet in novels and in life. Yet to force our standard upon them we feel is scarcely justice. These Wessex women, with their childlike simplicity, their entire ignorance of the world of custom and convention, are as utterly foreign to ordinary social life as if they were dwellers on another planet. In considering them we find ourselves wondering if it is possible that women living within the pale of civilization should retain so much of the primeval. Noble spirituality, which is life, they have not, neither had those mythic dwellers in springs and hills and groves, who filled the peaceful stillness of the younger world with poetry and life. The charm of the Elfrides, the Bathshebas, the Tesses, and the Eustacias is their identity with a world

pulsating with sensuous beauty, their close kinship with sunny fields and shadowy valleys, with leafy woodland and mysterious heath. Study them as expressions of life and passion, but do not expect to find in them satisfaction for the spirit's craving. They have no place among our greatest; they never lift our thoughts from the here to the beyond. They may fascinate the senses and set the heart beating, but they cannot move the soul.

BERNICE OLIVER KELLY.

## A TRIVIALITY.

IT was very hot in the little room under the roofs, and Carl had dragged himself over to the window, in hope of feeling the faint evening breeze on his flushed face. To do this he had to sit down on the floor, and push himself along with one foot. It made the pain in his back a little sharper, but he did not think much about that. From his corner Jackie had watched the whole proceeding. When he saw the tiny body finally settled with the fevered face resting in the small hands on the window sill, he rose slowly, and limped across the room on his three well legs. And Carl patted the shaggy brown head, and said, "Good doggie."

Jackie was not very old, but he had been through some hard experiences. It was more than a year since he had lost one eye and part of an ear, and for the last month he had gone on three legs. But Carl loved him, and all through the long days he lay on his couch with one hand on the dog's rough fur. Jackie never swore at him because he was lame, never complained because he could not walk.

It was nearly seven o'clock, and the yard back of the tenement house was full of people. One or two girls looked up and smiled at the little humpback, and their hard faces softened as they looked. Carl did not know their names, but he smiled back again, and sat looking at them long after his face had grown grave.

Carl Hammond had not been lame from his birth, nor had he always lived in a tenement house. He could just remember the little cottage in the country, and the pretty blue-eyed mother, who died five years ago. With her death began Mr. Hammond's love for liquor, and hatred for the little son who looked at him with his dead wife's eyes. For months after coming to the city they drifted about, ever lower and lower, till one day, in a fit of

drunken rage, the man kicked the boy downstairs and lamed him for life. It was three years now since Carl had stood erect or walked alone. Mrs. Brown, who, with her husband and six children, lived in the next room, loved the little lad with his crooked back and grave, old-fashioned face, and often left her work to run in for a moment and smooth the thick brown hair.

The hot sun sank lower, till its beams touched the little group at the window with a strange, red light. Suddenly Jackie whined, moving restlessly, and Carl drew in his head to listen. A heavy, uneven footstep was coming up the stairs. "It's father, Jackie;" and the thin white hand on the dog's head trembled a little. The sound drew nearer, and some one tried the door; then, with an oath, he kicked it open and staggered into the room. There was a moment's silence. Jackie looked up from under his long hair and growled slightly. Carl's eyes were fixed on his father's face. Their expression was that of mingled fear and entreaty. The man himself gazed stupidly at the cot on which his son usually lay and then round the room, till his eyes fell on the little figure. He walked over to him unsteadily, and held out a small loaf of bread. "Here," he said roughly, "that's all the supper you'll get. Eat it, now. None of your fine airs with me; eat it!" The frightened beating of the child's heart and the lump in his throat made eating a physical impossibility.

"May I save it till by and by, Father?" Try as he would, he could not keep the quiver out of his voice. "I don't feel very hungry now."

"No! Eat it, you little fool, or I'll find a way to make you!"

In his excitement he reeled and fell against the misshapen little body. The sharp, stinging pain forced a cry from the boy's lips, and Jackie sprang up with a quick bark. The sound infuriated the drunken man, and with a torrent of foul words he raised his heavy foot and kicked the dog with all his strength. Instantly Carl wrenched himself off his stool and caught at his father's knee. "You shall not!" he cried in his shrill voice. There was a pause. The man, half sobered for the moment, stood with his hand upraised, his brutal face, red with anger, turned down toward his son. The little hunchback, half kneeling, clung to his father with one hand, the other lifted to ward off the expected blow. His thin face was white with fear,—in either cheek the fever spot burned fiercely. Jackie, crouching in his corner, tried to lick the broken skin.

Slowly the anger faded out of the man's eyes, and in its place came a look of demon-like cunning. "Shall not?" he repeated with a vicious laugh, and shaking off the clinging hands, he advanced toward Jackie, who shrank back, whining piteously. Carl, on the floor, scarcely daring to breathe, watched every motion. A moment later, with a loud cry, he struggled to rise, for his father had caught the dog by the collar and was holding him out of the window, apparently about to drop him on the brick court, five stories below. Perhaps he would have done so had not the people, attracted by the child's shriek, looked up, and shouted their threats if he let the little animal fall. Fearing the consequences he drew in the dog, but, maddened by drink and the obstacle in the way of his passion, he hurled him against the opposite wall, and rushed from the room, stumbling over his lame son as he passed.

An hour afterwards the room was very dark. Jackie's moans were growing fainter, and only occasionally a shiver ran over the small body held close to Carl's breast. When Mrs. Brown, disturbed at the long silence, opened the door, she saw a little heap in one corner, and heard a child's voice sobbing, "Oh, Jackie! Jackie!"

Amelia M. Ely, '98.

## A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The sun from above is shooting down those intensely vertical rays which make a sensibly minded person seek refuge in the deepest recesses of shade. On the top of a six-rail fence, beneath a straw hat which at a distance might readily be mistaken for a yellow umbrella, encased in a somewhat soiled blue checked pinafore, is George Washington Jefferson Hamilton Jones, familiarly known as Wash. Held tightly in both dusky little hands is a goodly semicircle of watermelon; and as the luscious red melon goes in one side of his mouth, and the shiny, black seeds come out the other, the expression of the twinkling black eyes should be that of unmitigated contentment, for to such trivial inconveniences as rain and heat Wash is impervious. At present, however, he is gazing abstractedly at a pair of naked little black feet, which he is swinging vigorously to and fro, and occasionally he even withdraws the precious melon to soliloquize:—

"No, George Washington Jefferson Hamilton Jones, 'tan't cause you'r a no-count nigha boy dat dat ere white turk cocks his tail on crooked, and

takes after you like de very debble war in him; no, dat ain't why he han't got no disrespect for you. It's 'cause your mammy don' dress you in desc no-count white trash girls' close; dat's why dat ere turk don't treat you wid no disrespect! It's cause he tinks you're a girl, and de ting what you're called on to do is to 'scrt your rights like a man. Dere are a white linen suit ob de general's up attic, and if you once got into dem dat ere white trash of a turkey wouldn't das't to chase you and tree you on the top of a fence like you was a posson!"

After this oration Mr. Jones took a careful inventory of the green meadow. There where the grass has just been mown is his great white adversary greedily devouring grasshoppers. Wash carefully and with a trained eye compares the distance between himself and the farmhouse, himself and the enemy. Deeming retreat practicable, he nimbly descends and makes a dash for the farmhouse, turkey after him. However, he reaches it first, and creeps stealthily up the back stairs leading to the attic. The coveted white suit is found, and after much skillful tailoring made to stay on. The top of the trousers is fastened just under his armpits; the trouser legs when rolled up above the knee disclose but the tips of the rows of little black toes. The vest has been dispensed with as useless. The tails of the coat drag along the ground for nearly half a yard. However, Wash is supremely happy.

Our hero is arrayed, but how shall he get down? His mammy is washing at the foot of the stairs! A happy thought! The woodshed roof slants down almost to the ground. He hurries to the window, which opens upon it. In a state of bliss far beyond all mundane matters our hero clears the sill, strikes the woodshed roof, rolls down the sloping plane a few feet, and then suddenly stops. Alas! the roof has but just been freshly tarred over, and the intense sun has not improved matters. Twist as he may, Wash cannot get loose, and so he must give up, for the time being, all hope of fighting windmills in the shape of turkeys' tails. Here at sunset the grave general finds him, a little penitent study in black and white.

Margaret Balch, '99.

## EDITORIALS.

### I.

To ye Editorial Board of Ninety-Seven, Greeting:—

It has been a custom in years past for the outgoing board to give to the incoming editors words of counsel and warning. But although the friendly advice of Ninety-Five comes to us with a much keener significance as we re-read it a year later, and we find ourselves ready to endorse it to the letter, we are about to depart from the old order in so far as to lay emphasis rather upon the cheer and compensation which come by no means rarely to gladden the editorial heart. There is truly much pleasure to be found in the work. On every side we meet with interest and encouragement. The spirit of courtesy and helpfulness, with which all attempts to solicit material are received, is as invariable at the close of the year as at the beginning. There are moments when much hard work is repaid by some word of approval which reaches the ear of a discouraged editor, perhaps some very incidental remark, yet one that expresses genuine interest in the Magazine, and appreciation of the effort of its editors to keep its standard high. That the Magazine should stand as an exponent of the general college thought and spirit no one will deny, and, such being the case, it ought to be supported by the loyalty and endeavor of all college members. Such support we have received and would express our gratitude for it.

Aside from the moments of real encouragement which make the work attractive, there are times of peculiarly cheerful significance to the editors, which compensate often for periods of depression. Not the least of these is the moment of an unexpected windfall, when, perchance, a stout little roll of manuscript from some loyal alumna appears on the eve of editorial embarassment, and saves the Magazine from being six pages short, through the non-arrival of a long-promised article. There is pure joy in that moment. Far be it from us to subtly raise any false hopes in the hearts of our successors; but there was one month early in the year when everything promised came in on time to the day. One article was three days early. But the moments which perhaps have in them more of genuine satisfaction than any others, come not once but nine times during the Magazine year. They are the

nine times when the string is tied around the final proofs, and the plump, well-stamped bundle drops with a pleasant thud into the mail-box, ready for the printer. The sense of accomplishment, however imperfect, gives distinction to the day.

The feeling of relief which comes with freedom from responsibility is not untouched with regret, for it is the memory of the pleasure of the work which remains strongest with us at the close. To this in hearty sincerity we commend you, Board of Ninety-Seven.

II.

In writing upon the subject of the College Woman, I feel in much the same position as Edward Everett Hale's notorious Double who always said that there had been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that he would not occupy the time. There are some subjects, however, that never become so trite, so hackneyed, as to lose their power of awakening enthusiasm, and, of these subjects, the College Woman is one.

It is generally conceded that, for a man, a college education is a necessity, or, at the least, a great advantage. On the other hand, it is considered that, for a woman, its value is more negative unless she is preparing to teach, when it then becomes a matter of utility. Since the valuable things to be gained from a college education are a broad outlook and wide sympathies, is it not of more importance to women, whose lives are not usually broadening, than to men, the very nature of whose duties is educational? Again, the college woman has always a better knowledge of, and more interest in, women than one can have who has not lived for four years in the closest relationship with them. Some college women, unfortunately, lose sight of these two greatest advantages of a college education, and after they leave their Alma Mater, slip into the narrow ways which a woman's sphere necessarily renders so easy of access; but most women carry with them through life this sympathetic insight and widened outlook which make their own lives and the lives of others the richer for their college experience.

III.

A few decades ago, the main question as regards the higher education of women was, "Can they do the work?" One of the inquiries which now agitates editorial columns, reviews, and other departments of heavy literature,

is, "Why are they not doing exciting things?" The writers seek to know how far a college training influences the after life of women. They demand the intellectual whereabouts of girl graduates. They ask, in short, what they are doing and why.

Thereupon, those who feel themselves competent to answer arise in the might of their statistics; and sage and far reaching are the conclusions which they draw. We are all familiar, even unto weariness, with the commonest of these, the terrifying fact that only forty per cent of college-bred women marry. It does not, by the way, seem to have occurred to these compilers to compare that number with the marriage rate of girls of the same age in any other regular occupation. Such an investigation might show with some precision to what degree of desolation we have arrived. One notices, however, that weddings are much more common among women graduates in America than in England.

The statisticians of whom we speak lead us farther. There are, they tell us, eight thousand women in this country who have graduated from reputable colleges and universities, co-educational or otherwise. Almost none of them follow any profession save that of teaching. If this be true, the question why so few have won distinction is answered; it is scarcely necessary to say that there is no other pursuit in which there is so much room at the top, and so little below. In this connection, it is pleasant for a Wellesley student to know that seven out of the "twenty most eminent women graduates" of Cornell and the University of Ann Arbor are, or have been, connected with Wellesley. Nearly the entire number of women preachers, lawyers, physicians, or writers, we are told, have never had a college training, and there is loud upbraiding of the college-bred, because she has allowed her less favored sisters to monopolize the more conspicuous callings. This fact is in every way a pity. We all know the reason for it. Seven years is not counted too much for a man to spend in acquiring an all-round education and a profession. Four years, on the other hand, is as much as the average girl student can compass; and her choice must therefore lie between college and the practical training of a lawyer's or physician's office. The present movement of closing law and medical schools to those without college degrees will probably help to bring about a change in these matters, since demand ever meets with supply.

The growing number of women who are studying in technical schools shows whither a large proportion of college graduates are drifting. Next to teaching, the greatest number are now following scientific pursuits, and these are scholars who do the highest order of work.

It is interesting to notice the difference of opinion as regards the value of college training for women in England and in America. As yet, the English "girl bachelor" has nothing before her except teaching, and the higher kinds of a secretary's work. In this country, on the contrary, it seems to be lack of individual opportunity to take advantage of openings, which confines her to one or two professions. This point appears to have been overlooked by those who are now making most outcry about the activity of the college woman. There is doubtless more discussion than the subject needs. Yet as the end of the senior year comes in sight, the clamor sounds louder, and a bit confusing to us who are to furnish material for statistics in the future. It would be refreshing if someone would tell us just what will be expected of us. Once it was failure; now it is fame. What next?

## FREE PRESS.

I.

"THREE cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!" In the fertile soil of Wellesley a fitting custom quickly strikes deep root; it will speedily be forgotten that the twenty-second of February has not always heard the centre ringing with patriotic songs. The ardor of our zeal is a little cooled, though, by the feeble and wavering character of its expression. The remedy is not far to seek. If we cannot sing "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Hail Columbia," let us sing them, on the spot, till we can. If we do not know the words, let us sing them till we do, even if we have to stop between the lines for some one to "line" them in the good old fashion. Or if there is really not a single person here that does know the words, let us petition the Glee Club or somebody else of public spirit to present the college before another year with a book of national songs.

But surely the songs ought to be really national and to express the permanent phases of patriotism. As citizens of the United States we know no East and West, no North and South, and when we come together to declare

our loyal citizenship, all utterances of a sectional character contradict the very object of our meeting. Doubtless the Northern girls do not realize what they say when they sing, "Marching through Georgia." To them the war is a dim tradition and they feel merely the general patriotic spirit that once found voice in these words; they would notice no difference in meaning if it said "through Timbuctoo" or "through the Pleiades." But there are among us students from communities where in almost every home, perhaps, there is a struggle with poverty or disease, begotten of those terrible years, grim legacies to remind them that the war was a bitter reality. How can they understand how vague and far off it all seems to their Northern contemporaries? They accept in all good faith an invitation to join in a tribute to the flag of our country,—and we din in their ears a taunting outburst that ought to have died before it was born. Of course it is mere thoughtlessness; we do not stop to think, some of us do not even understand, what we are saying; but you who have looked into the face of a Southern girl as these words were sung, say whether a careless word may not hurt as cruelly as a blow. May there be an end of this at once and forever, and may we all be able to join on the twenty-second of next February in a common expression of allegiance to the symbol of our common life!

II.

Must the Free Press go? Must we lose one of the strongest and most interesting portions of our college paper? If the Free Press is to consist of growling articles upon a wide range of subjects; if one writes for this department only to find fault with anything and everything, or to gain notoriety through picking flaws in something not previously discussed; if there is to be rampant a spirit of criticism, untempered by any real desire for improvement,—then, yes, by all means, and at once. But is it? Does one? Has not the Free Press a higher aim, a more definite purpose? Criticism is one of the first steps toward progress, it is true, and some important Wellesley reforms have had their beginnings in agitating college-paper discussions, but criticism is, after all, only a first step. That the Free Press contains many articles which apparently occasion nothing but an ineffectual stirring up, is to be deplored. Too many subjects are agitated at once for any to be successfully disposed of. It is true that there sometimes appears a little par-

agraph which does much good by calling attention to some important point hitherto overlooked, and capable of being immediately remedied. But these paragraphs are the exception, not the rule. Let our Free Press remain, but let us not try to discuss in it all questions at once. A few subjects at a time carefully argued, and treated with a view to an immediate and most satisfactory arrangement, will make this department of our Magazine what it was intended to be at the first, a place for the utterance of our best thought, our best hopes, for a broader, higher, more ideal form of college life.

B. L. C., '92.

III.

An "old Wellesley girl" said to me a few weeks ago, "What is the subject of greatest interest at Wellesley this year?"

I thought a moment, and then answered sadly, but conscientiously, "There isn't any—but fudge."

"So I have heard," she replied. "It is said that the girls are becoming very *blasé*."

This criticism has been passed upon Wellesley girls more than once of late, and the present difficulty in procuring Free Press articles would seem to prove its truth. There was a time when this department fairly teemed with articles on Athletics, discussions upon Student Government, Compulsory Chapel, College Friendships, and many other subjects. Now it is useless to try to start a discussion. No one will discuss with you. Every one either politely agrees with you, or is afraid to say she does not, or (and this is the most probable) is too indifferent to have an opinion. To be sure, there are topics of interest among girls in different cliques; but surely in an institution like Wellesley there should be subjects of College interest. Are we *blasé?* Do we affect the foolish decadent spirit which is a fad among people too young to know that there is anything of interest in life? It may not be fashionable to be interested, it may not be cultured to be enthusiastic, but it is certainly healthy minded.

It is, of course, hard for a girl of some education, placed at Wellesley, amid the most attractive natural surroundings, with excellent educational advantages, with opportunities of forming pleasant and profitable friendships, and within a few minutes' ride of one of the most interesting cities in America, to find much that can interest her, or that is worth her while. And,

of course, a girl who has lived from twenty to twenty four or five years has touched most of the pleasures of life, and has found them turn to dust and ashes in her grasp.

It is truly pathetic. Can we not, however, assume an interest if we have it not? But, after all, it may be better to pose as an interesting and *blasé* person to whom nothing is vital. Shall this be our stand?

H. M. B.

IV.

Is the Free Press open to gratitude as well as to remonstrance? I desire to express my thanks for the loyal and efficient service rendered, since the opening of the psychological laboratory, by students who have helped me in department work. With a sincere satisfaction in the coming relief of students from the requirement of domestic work, I write a cordial appreciation of the interest and the fidelity with which the assistance has been given.

Mary Whiton Calkins.

## EXCHANGES.

It is an old tale that fiction has prevailed over fact in the college magazine literature of to-day. This is a reaction from the solid, indigestible articles of "final essay" flavor which were wont to appear some years ago. Perhaps it is best so, but we have gone so far now in the direction of the story, that the strongest work is put into fiction, and other departments of our periodicals suffer in consequence. A criticism of the novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz, which appears in the *Yale Lit.*, seems to us the most able piece of literary work of the month. It is an essay of the scholarly, penetrative type such as is rarely found in college magazines. The *Yale Lit.* also prints an article on "Realities,"—a brief, spirited, hopeful retort to the article on "Shams" which appeared in the January number. A thoughtful discussion of "The Abstract in Fiction" is the leading article in the *Amherst Monthly*.

Generalizations are ordinarily dangerous, yet it seems safe to say that in fiction the periodicals of our Western colleges tend toward the distinctively college plot,—the *Inlander* for the month is largely given up to stories of this sort,—while the story-writers for our Eastern magazines find their material all over the world, and incline especially toward the dialect story. "Duke Delancey, Cynic," in the *Cornell Era* for February 22, gives a mere glimpse

of college life and friendship, but it is worth reading because it is told with sympathy, and it is genuine,—something which cannot be said of much of the month's fiction. The *Smith College Monthly* has a well-finished story, somewhat after the style of Miss Wilkins's work, entitled "Aunt Hannah." *The Amherst Literary Monthly* gives us a curious and interesting story, "Old Wine in New Bottles." The hero is a Turk, and the scene is laid in Constantinople. The *Yale Lit.* prints a strongly written, but not over-agreeable story of a tough, under the title, "No Hero."

There is apparently little in the February atmosphere to inspire the undergraduate poet to song. Not that he is by any means silent, but his desire is toward the weather of June, and where the verse is not that of summer, it deals with music, youth, night,—anything eternally independent of weather. Traces of the cold still linger in two or three skating songs, but for the most part the poetry of Winter has vanished, and, as yet, that of Spring has not appeared. In noticeable contrast to the verse of a year ago, there is a decided lack of interest in wounded hearts, desperate lovers, and other light matters pertaining to St. Valentine. We quote the following verse as representative of the best work of the month:—

THE AURORA.

In the frozen North, where half the year
Is ruled by continuous night,
There gleams a splendor beyond all ken,—
Now too keen for the eyes of men,
And now a nebulous light.

Frozen and fettered the streamers rise,
In an ordered and ominous row.
The moon in winter is not more chill,
Nor steel more hard, nor death more still,
Than the Monarch who holds them so.

But see! they leap in fierce revolt,
And struggle, and rage, and strain;
The luminous streamers writhe and bound,
And wound the air with a voiceless sound
As they tug at their icy chain.

But vain is the effort, and soon they rise
In a ghastly, radiant ring.
Their bonds are firm, and they may not forth,
For the souls of men who have died in the North,
Are thrall to the Frozen King!

—*Yale Lit.*

A MERRY MAN.

Why laugh ye at my merry jest,
And never frown?
Because I put your wits to test,
Am I a clown?

Why mock me with a mirth so mad,
When day is done?
A merry man is sometimes sad
At set of sun.

Why smile at wit so sadly wrought
By one so wan?
Pray, back of all the playful thought,
What of the man?

Look once again between the lines;
Perceive again
The sadness of my mad designs,
And all the pain!

We merry men have heavy hearts;
Ah, think, the task
To hide in jests one's saddest smarts,
And wear a mask!

—*University of Chicago Weekly.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

ELEMENTARY text-books, especially in the sciences, are not usually interesting reading, but Mr. J. Y. Bergen has made of his "Elements of Botany" a most entertaining little volume. Mr. Bergen starts with the seed and its germination, and traces the growth of the plant in logical order, giving a chapter to the morphology, and a chapter to the physiology of each part. He treats in this way of seed, roots, stem, buds, leaves, discussing their peculiar form, and studying protoplasm and its uses. Then he goes on to inflorescence, typical flowers, fertilization and fruit. He then closes his discussion with two most interesting chapters on the "Struggle for Existence," and "Some Types of Flowerless Plants."

The illustrations of the little volume are extremely good, and are drawn from the best contemporary sources. Specially to be commended are the diagrams illustrating the histological discussions. These are destined to be valuable to teachers and pupils whose resources for study do not include good compound microscopes.

The book is admirably suited in all ways to the need of the inexperienced teacher, whose equipment in knowledge and utensils is still crude. The experiments which accompany each chapter are especially valuable as the result of long experience. The list of necessary equipments and addresses where such things can be obtained are also of high practical value. Moreover, the little book is not without literary worth. The style is clear and lucid, and, though it is adapted to immature students in schools of lower grades, does not condescend offensively. Mr. Bergen contrives to lend a vivid interest to the dullest of the subjects he discusses.

Another neat volume in the "Students Series of English Classics," comes to us from the press of Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. The subject matter this time is "Paradise Lost," Books I. and II., and the editor is Prof. Albert S. Cook, of Yale.

Professor Cook's introduction is admirable. To be sure, he does not give us much original criticism of his author, but he does what seems to us far better—he lets the grand old Puritan speak for himself. After a brief sketch of the facts of Milton's life, Professor Cook illustrates "Milton's early life and ideals" by citations from his prose works. He quotes at some length both from the "Defensio Secunda," and the "Apology for Smectymnuus," giving the student in this way a keener insight into Milton's personality than could have been done by much really penetrative criticism. Professor Cook then cites from Masson's Introduction to Paradise Lost those parts which relate to the poet's method of composition, and follows this by critical selections. These comprise Wordsworth's and Longfellow's sonnets on Milton, and appreciative quotations from Arnold, Landor, Lowell, and Emerson.

Professor Cook's notes hardly seem to us so happy as his introduction. He announces in his preface his belief that English classics should be studied with the same painstaking care as the Latin and Greek, and gives the opinion that careful philological study is a great means toward the end—full literary appreciation. Both these statements cannot be gainsaid; but danger lies that way, and Professor Cook, like many other painstaking editors, has not avoided it. In his notes he has, it seems to us, given undue prominence to the philological element of the study, and thus has been

obliged to limit his literary criticism. It is doubtful if the class of students for whom this book is intended will profit so much by the study of meanings and derivations of words as they would by suggestive literary interpretation. Of course a certain amount of one is necessary for the other, but it seems as if the stress had been put in a slight degree on the wrong place. The literary criticism which does occur—and there is after all a great deal of it—is so pertinent and stimulating that we wish there could have been more.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Trigonometry*, by Frederick Anderegg, A.M., and Edward Drake Roe, Jr., A.M., Oberlin College. Ginn & Co.

*Inductive Logic*, by Wm. G. Ballantine. Ginn & Co.

*Elements of Botany*, by J. Y. Bergen, A.M. Ginn & Co.

*Paradise Lost:* Albert S. Cook. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon was held Saturday, January 18. The programme was as follows:—

London.

I. Topographical (Paper) . . . Frances Carpenter.
II. Literary (Paper) . . . . Margaret Starr.
III. Selections from Shelley . . . Maude Durrell.
Music . . . . . Miss Starr.
IV. Selections from Shelley . . . Grace Dennison.
Music . . . . . Miss Cushing.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held February 1. The following programme was presented:—

Modern Drama.

I. A Study of Modern Dramatic Structure . . . . . Miss Freeman.
II. Some Modern Dramatists . . . Miss Martha Smith.
III. A Criticism of the Spirit of the Modern Drama . . . . Miss Floyd Smith.

IV. Dramatization of "Budd Zundt's Mail," by Ruth McEnery Stuart . . . Miss Willis.

At a former meeting Miss Margaret Wheeler was initiated into the Society.

The regular monthly meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held on February 1. The subject of the meeting was "A Study of Tragedy: Othello and Luria." The following programme was presented:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Mary Malone.
II. The Setting of the Dramas . . Mary Shoemaker.
III. The Development of the Tragedy. A Comparison of Plots . . . . Geneva Crumb.
IV. Dramatic Representation. Othello, Act III., Scene 3 . . . . . .
V. Comparison of Characters: Othello and Luria, Annie F. Wilson.
VI. Reading. Luria's Soliloquy, Act IV. Edna V. Patterson.
VII. Dramatic Representation, Othello, Act IV., Scene 3 . . . . . .

Miss M. A. Knox, Miss Hunt, '95, Miss Kelsey, '95, Miss Merrill, '95, Miss Wellman, '95, and Miss Wilson, '95, were present at the meeting.

A regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon was held Saturday evening, February 15. The following was the programme:—

I. Salisbury, Rochester (Paper) . . . Miss Cushing.
II. Reading from "Pickwick Papers" . . Miss Lunt.
III. Cobham Hall, Canterbury . . . . Miss Barker.
IV. Sketch of the Life of Charles Dickens . . Miss Butler.
V. Music . . . . . Miss Martin.

The programme meeting of the Agora was held in Elocution Hall, February 21. The following extemporaneous speeches were given:—

The Senate Free-Coinage Bill . . . Joanna Parker.
The Significance of the Bond Sale . . Elizabeth Seelman.
Recent Speeches in England: Do They Indicate a Change of Policy? . . Miriam Hathaway.

The subject of the meeting was "Currency."

I. Single and Double Currency Standards in the Light of History:—
   *a*. The Single Standard . . . Helena De Cou.
   *b*. The Double Standard . . Belinda Bogardus.
II. Can One Country alone Regulate its Currency? . . . . . Carrie Howell.
III. What do we Demand of a Subsidiary Coinage? . . . . . Julia Colles.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held Friday evening, February 28. The following programme was presented:—

I. *a*. Russian Folk Lore. Miss Trebein.
   *b*. The Inhabitants of Northern Russia. Miss Moore.
II. Russian Peasant Life . . . Miss Brown.
III. Russian Court Life . . . . Miss Gordon.
IV. The Cossacks . . . . . Miss Hoyt.
V. Current Topic.
   The New Photography . . . Miss Evans.

A regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Society was held in Society Hall on Wednesday evening, February 26. The programme was as follows:—

Attempts at the Solution of Social Problems in Fact.

I. The Labor Movement in its Contemporary Phases . . . Miss Dewson.
II. Music . . Miss Pinkham, Miss Ball, and Miss Hiscox.
III. The Socialist Movement . . . Miss Scott.
IV. Readings from "Chants for Socialists" Miss Dalzell.
V. The Religious Movement . . Miss Hamblet.
VI. The University Settlement Movement, Miss Paige.
VII. Music . . . . . Miss Ely and Miss Scott.

## COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Monday, March 16.—Concert.

Wednesday, March 18.—Lecture, Professor Moore.

Saturday, March 21.—Lecture, F. A. Hill, State Secretary; Training for Scholarship.

Sunday, March 22.—Dr. Joseph Twitchell, Hartford.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

Monday, January 27, Professor James, of Harvard, lectured in the chapel on "Psychology and Relaxation." Professor James is rarely heard outside of Cambridge, and the enthusiasm of the audience testified to the hearty appreciation of him and his subject.

Thursday, January 30, was observed as the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, conducted chapel services.

Friday, January 31, was the first day of examinations, and also the beginning of a fine skating season.

Wellesley was delighted to welcome back Miss Knox if only for a brief visit. On Saturday afternoon, February 1, Miss Knox gave the lecture in the current topic course on "The Relation of Mohammedanism to the Armenian Question." On Friday night the Class of '96, of which Miss Knox is an honorary member, gave a reception to her at Norumbega.

Professor Ryder of Andover preached Sunday, February 2.

Monday night, February 3, Mr. Henry Dunham, of the Boston Conservatory of Music, gave an organ recital in the chapel.

Saturday, February 9, Mr. Oscar L. Triggs gave the lecture in the current topic course on "Some Phases of Modern Art."

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop gave a delightful talk in the chapel, Monday night, February 10.

Misses Kelsey, Hunt, Wellman, Jones, Wilson and Merrill, of the Class of '95, spent Sunday, February 9, at the College. A '95 reunion was held at 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, followed by an informal tea at Norumbega.

Dr. Lyman Abbot made a short visit to Wellesley, February 13. He conducted the services at the Thursday night prayer meeting, and also the chapel exercises Friday morning.

Saturday afternoon, February 15, Dr. McKenzie gave the lecture in the current topic course.

Mrs. Irvine entertained the Seniors at Norumbega, Saturday afternoon, February 15, with the first of the series of receptions to be given by her to the senior class.

The Parliament, which is given annually by the class in Constitutional History, was held Saturday night, February 15. The question discussed was the "Disestablishment of the Church in Wales," and "Nos" came off victorious after an exciting and heated debate. The class this year, profiting by experience, charged an admission fee, and devoted the proceeds to the purchase of books for the benefit of future Constitutional History classes.

Dr. Ritchie, who was compelled to give up her work at the college for the first semester, has now returned, and taken her classes in Philosophy, which had been conducted, during her absence, by Miss Anna Boynton Thompson of Thayer Academy.

Miss Charlotte Sibley, formerly a Wellesley girl, a member of the class of '91, lectured in the chapel Sunday night, February 16. The subject of her lecture was "Through Palestine on Horseback." Miss Sibley was well able to speak on that subject; she accompanied Dr. Dunning's party on their tour through Palestine.

Mrs. Durant was the guest of President Irvine at Norumbega, February 15–18.

On Monday, February 17, the spirit of the 22d was abroad, and eight of the juniors entertained their friends in the gymnasium at a great Colonial Ball. The decorations would have done honor to the presidential residence in 1796, and the four hostesses with their gallant escorts would have done honor to a ball given there. The scene was a very pretty one, with the great flowered skirts, the gorgeous silks and satins, and puffs of powdered hair; and the ball was most enjoyable.

Monday afternoon, February 17, Miss Gertrude Carter, '96, gave an informal tea at Norumbega to some members of '95 present at the college.

The Beethoven Society gave a concert in the chapel, Monday night, February 17.

The college is very much interested in a subject that has been creating some stir in the outside world lately, the New Photography, discovered recently by Professor Roentgen. On Wednesday night, February 19, Professor Whiting gave a lecture on the subject, illustrating it with the apparatus necessary, and with pictures she herself had taken.

President Irvine made the announcement in chapel several weeks ago that chapel attendance on Sundays would hereafter be voluntary.

The Wellesley world has been watching with interest the construction of the new walk across the meadow. We all have a faculty for "short cuts," and a "short cut," in which we do not have to wade part of the time, is certainly an advantage. We do, however, regret that innovations must somewhat disfigure the natural beauty of the grounds.

On Friday night, February 21, Zeta Alpha invited some of her friends to hear Dr. Judson Smith lecture on the Armenian situation.

The following members of the '97 Magazine Board were elected by the Class of '97, Wednesday, February 19. Editor in Chief, Grace M. Dennison; Associate Editor, Mary E. Haskell; Literary Editors, Margaret Y. Henry, Louise Loomis; Managing Editor, Mary W. Dewson; Assistant Managing Editor, Carolyn Davis. The two remaining literary editors were elected by the Joint Boards of '96 and '97, Friday, February 21. The candidates elected were Florence M. Painter and Emily S. Johnson of '97.

Professor Moore is giving a series of lectures to the Bible classes on Wednesday afternoons. The subjects of the lectures so far have been the Prophets.

The night of the 22d was celebrated as usual by the Glee and Mandolin Club Concert. Informal teas were served at most of the houses, and the College was full of guests.

On Monday night, February 24, Miss Ida Benfey gave a reading in the chapel. Her selections were Browning's "In a Balcony," and three stories of Mary E. Wilkins.

Professor Elizabeth Denio gave a lecture in the Wellesley Congregational Church, Monday night, February 24. The subject of her lecture was "The Madonna and Child in Italian Art."

Phi Sigma invited her friends to hear a lecture given by Mr. John O'Sullivan, President of the Boston Labor Union, Wednesday night, February 26. Mr. O'Sullivan talked on "Trades Unions," and after his lecture, Mrs. O'Sullivan gave an informal talk on "Organization Among Women."

Saturday, February 29, Miss Scoville, of Hampton, a former student of Wellesley, spoke in the current topic course of the work among the Indians.

Saturday afternoon, February 29, President Irvine gave her second reception to Seniors.

Saturday evening, February 29, the Shakespeare Society held an open meeting in the gymnasium. A presentation of Colombe's Birthday was given. The cast was:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Colombe of Ravestein, Duchess of Juliers and Cleves | Miss Sherwood. |
| Sabyne | Miss Wilson. |
| Adolf | Miss Capron. |
| Guibert | Miss Crumb. |
| Gaucelme | Miss Snyder. |
| Maufroy | Miss Higgins. |
| Clugnet | Miss Rushmore. |
| Valence, Advocate of Cleves | Miss Emerson. |
| Prince Berthold, Claimant of Duchy | Miss Patterson. |
| Melchior, His Confidant | Miss Shoemaker. |

Courtiers and Pages.

The parts were exceedingly well taken, and the costuming effective. Many former members of the society were present.

Sunday, March 1, Dr. Wolcott Calkins preached in the chapel.

## ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The first quarterly meeting of the Vermont Wellesley Club was held Saturday, January 25, in Burlington at the home of Miss Flora Canfield. College Settlement work was the subject of the meeting. A paper was read by Miss Levenia Smith, '94, on the work in general and describing that of Denison House in particular. A letter was read written by Miss Cora

Stewart for the club and giving some impressions of Rivington Street. At the close of the programme Miss Canfield served tea and a delightful social hour was spent. The Club was organized in November, 1895, with the following officers: President, Miss Katharine Lord, '95; Vice President, Miss Mabel Hawes, '90; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mattie Matthews, '84; Treasurer, Mrs. Helen Weeks Lador, Sp., '83–84. The first annual meeting will be held in Burlington during the last week in August. Any Vermont Wellesley girl who has not yet received a copy of the constitution will confer a favor by sending her name and address to the Secretary, Miss Matthews, Burlington, Vt.

The eighteenth regular meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held Jan. 25, 1896, in the parlors of the Le Moyne Building, 40 East Randolph Street, Chicago. In the absence of the president, Miss Helmer, who was ill, Miss May Estelle Cook acted as chairman. The election of officers for the ensuing year was the principal business of the meeting. The ballot resulted in the election of Miss Cook for President, Mrs. F. W. (Ella Leach) Hayes for Vice President, and Miss Lillian V. Pike for Secretary. Professor Salisbury of the University addressed the club, telling of his experiences as a member of the Peary Relief Expedition. The meeting closed with conversation and light refreshments. About thirty-five members were present. A committee of ten on arrangements for the March meeting was appointed with Mrs. Frances Campbell Jewett, '84, as chairman. The new names added to the Chicago Wellesley Club are Mrs. Charlotte Miller Middlebrook, '91, whose address is now 2953 Vernon Avenue, Chicago, Miss May Page, '91, 254 La Salle Avenue, and Mrs. Grace Gruber Cloyes, '92, who is now living at 3711 Ellis Avenue, Chicago.

The Chicago Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ was entertained at its last meeting by Professor William Caldwell of Northwestern University, who read a paper on Scottish Universities. This was followed by an informal tea. Among those present were the following Wellesley people: Mrs. Martha Foote Crowe, Miss Talbot, Mrs. Louise Palmer Vincent, '86, Miss Lewis and Miss Page, '91, Mrs. Grace Gruber Cloyes, Miss Maud Straight, and Miss Pike, '92, Miss Pitkin, '95.

On Saturday, February 15, the New York Wellesley Club held an open meeting to discuss the "Training of College Women for Teachers." Invitations sent to the Collegiate Alumnæ Association, and to the various college clubs of the city, brought a cordial response, and the large lecture hall of the Teachers' College, on Morningside Heights, was well filled with interested listeners. Miss Sebring, of the pedagogic department of the Teachers' College, opened the discussion with a thoughtful paper showing the theoretic necessity of professional training in pedagogy. She spoke of the technical training required of teachers in the schools of Germany, France, and England; discussed the need of a scientific basis for intelligent teaching, and emphasized the cultivation of the "psychological spirit" in education as opposed to haphazard empiricism. President Hervey followed with an address on the "Laboratory Method in Pedagogical Training." He laid stress on the sociological ideal in education, which aims no longer at most completely developing the individual as such, but at fitting him best for his special function in the social organism; remarked on the fact that human progress commonly results less from a rational forecast of evils to be avoided than from practical experience of evils encountered; and explained how practice in the *art* of teaching was gained with most profit to the experimentor and least damage to the experimented-upon in the schools which serve as "laboratories" for the students of pedagogical theory. Mr. Jas. B. Reynolds, Headworker of the University Settlement, then spoke on the "Relation between Education and Social Problems," recounting what were the social conditions to be met by the educative forces in the lower densely populated wards of the city, and showing how the educational machinery was commonly most defective in quarters where most depended upon its efficiency. He emphasized the necessity of intelligent public spirit to enforce reform.

After the discussion, a reception was given to the club and its friends by their kind hosts of the Teachers' College. It was held in the pleasant library of the College, whose broad windows give a charming outlook, and face the beginning of the splendid pile that will one day be Columbia University. Mrs. Hervey and Miss Bailey received.

The address of Miss Burrell, '80, and of Miss Emily Porter, '95, is Allanstrasse 6, Göttingen, Germany.

Miss Charlotte S. Denfield, '85, is teaching in the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Jessie E. Allen, '87, and Miss Adelaide Dennis, '87, have been teaching in Hosmer Hall, St. Louis, for the last four years. Miss Allen teaches Latin and Greek, Miss Dennis teaches mathematics and sciences.

Miss Fannie E. Wood, '87, is teaching in Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

Miss Mary H. Cutler, '88, is teaching in the Arlington, Mass., High School.

Miss Mary L. Sawyer, '88, is studying in Cambridge, and lives at 25 St. James Avenue, Boston.

Miss Mary A. Tucker, '88, is studying at the Sorbonne. Address, 4 rue Léopold Robert.

Miss Katharine J. Lane, '89, is studying Latin at Radcliffe.

Miss Janet Welsh, '89, is studying at Chicago University.

Miss Mary D. Lauderburn, '90, is teaching in Friend's Academy, New Bedford, Mass.

Miss Caroline Strong, '88–90, is teaching in Portland, Oregon. Miss Strong expects to be in Bryn Mawr next year.

Miss Susan L. Cushman, '91, is teaching in the High School, Taunton, Mass.

Miss Grace D. Ely, Wellesley, '89–91, is teaching in the School for the Deaf, Talladega, Ala.

Miss Sarah H. Harlow, Wellesley, '91, who has been for the past two years a teacher in the American School for Girls, Smyrna, Turkey, is now at her home, Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Miss Hall, '91, will spend the remainder of the winter in Boston; address, 483 Beacon Street.

Miss Cora Mellaccnt Palmer, '90–91, B.A. Leland Stanford, Jr., '95, is teaching in the Lowell High School, San Francisco, Cal.

The address of Miss Carrie Gray Frost, '92, will be 1146 Eleventh Street, San Diego, Cal., until July, 1896.

Miss Mabel Jenkins, '92, is teaching in the Normal School, Willimantic, Conn. Miss Jenkins was in Boston several days in February, attending German Grand Opera.

Miss Florence M. Marsh, '92, is teaching in the High School, Mt. Morris, N. Y.

Miss Clarinda Merchant, '92, is teaching in the Albany Female Academy, instead of in St. Agnes School as announced in the February Magazine.

Miss Mary Osborne, '92, is teaching in Pawtucket, R. I.

Mrs. Helen W. Rogers Rogers, '92, spent several days at Wellesley, arranging to do some work. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers are at present living at the Social Settlement, Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Anna Wilkinson Rathbun, '92, was at the College February 29.

Miss Florence Myrick, '92, spent Christmas with Miss Delarue K. Howe, '93, in Passy, Paris, France.

Miss Fannie Sanderson, '93, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever since Christmas, is now recovering.

Mrs. Mary Dillingham Frear, '93, is visiting Miss Caroline Frear, in Oakland, Cal.

Miss Carrie A. Mann, '93, is teaching in the Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, Canada.

Miss Marion Anderson, '94, is teaching in a private school, Glen Ridge, N. J.

Miss Helen R. Hibbard, '94, is teaching in Monson Academy, Monson, Mass.

Miss Newburger, formerly '94, has been spending several weeks with Miss Helen Eager, '93.

The engagement of Miss Mary R. Russell, '94, to Mr. Frederick Norton of Boston, is announced.

Miss Ethel Stanwood, '94, visited Miss Calkins, formerly '97, during February.

Miss Annie L. Vinal, '94, is teaching in the High School, Methuen, Mass.

Miss Mary L. Wetherbee, '94, is teaching in the High School, Greenfield, Mass.

Miss Annette Finnigan, '94, Miss Constance L. Rothschild, '96, and Miss Bessie M. Finnigan, formerly of '97, are taking courses of study this winter at Barnard College, New York.

Miss Grace L. Addeman, '95, has been visiting in Chicago, New Orleans, and St. Louis. In St. Louis Miss Addeman visited Mrs. Flora Krum Harding, '95, and Miss Florence Forbes, '95.

Miss Mary C. Adams, '95, and Miss Helen L. Burr, '93, are teaching in Medford, Mass.

Miss Lillian Brandt, '95, is teaching in St. Charles, Mo.

Miss Mary Chase, '95, spent two weeks in Wellesley, recently, and is now visiting in Geneva, New York.

Letters from Bremen have been received from Mrs. Catharine Connor Fisher, '95.

Miss Gertrude Jones and Miss M. L. Roberts, both '95, are studying at the Art League, 215 West Seventy-sixth Street, New York, N. Y.

Miss May Merrill, '95, has been visiting Florence K. Leatherbee for the past month. She will remain in Boston several weeks longer; she is taking singing lessons. Address 14 Westland Avenue, Boston.

Miss Maud A. Munson, '95, is teaching in Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth Peale, '95, has been visiting in New York.

Miss Emma Phinney, '95, is substituting in the High School at her home, Akron, O.

Miss Elizabeth Stark, '95, helped Miss Gorham for two weeks in February.

Miss Sarah C. Weed, '95, has accepted a position in Northfield Seminary, E. Northfield, Mass.

Miss Ethel Wilkinson, formerly '95, has been visiting in Bradford, Penn.

95 Rivington Street.

The New York Wellesley Club made the Settlement library a most welcome New Year's gift of a large package of books and twenty-five dollars. The books have already been placed in the home libraries. These libraries consist of sets of twenty books, which are distributed in various houses of the neighborhood, chiefly in public schools. The books are in such demand that the teachers of one school alone asked for seven sets. Only books of real value are sent out; and every volume is enjoyed by hundreds of persons before it reaches that state of utter dilapidation which is the fate of a home library book.

Miss Ada S. Woolfolk, '91, spent her Christmas vacation at the Settlement.

Denison House, 93 Tyler Street, Boston.

Miss Laura Parker, '89, and Miss Fiske, '92, took lunch at the Settlement Tuesday, February 25. Miss Parker will spend three weeks in residence here, beginning March 1st.

Professor Denio has consented to give her illustrated talk on the "Madonna in Italian Art," at the Thursday evening party, March 5.

Miss Garnet Pelton, formerly '92, has been in residence the past two weeks and hopes to return after a trip South.

Miss Cheney visited the Kitchen Garden the first Saturday in the month.

The party for the Literature, Grammar and Travel Classes, February 14, was well attended. Songs and selections from "The Princess" were given, followed by dancing and refreshments. Misses Scudder and Lane were present.

Misses Bennett, Willis and Wright gave a little farce, "Budd Zundt's Mail," at the Thursday evening party, February 13. After the play the games of the evening were especially adapted to the Valentine season. A prize was offered for the best valentine and considerable talent was brought to light.

The Wellesley Alumnæ of Boston and immediate vicinity who are members of the College Settlement Association were called together for a meeting at Denison House on February 17. Miss Mabel Curtis, '90, the president, presided. Miss Dudley and Miss Scudder presented the actual workings of the Settlement and some interesting facts and features of the life at Denison House. The pressing needs of the near future were dwelt upon and definite action taken in regard to the share of the expense of fitting up the new house, which the alumnæ will assume. Among those present were the Misses Curtis, E. M. Drury, Maud Hollander, Eliz. Y. Baker, Helen Jewett Young, Flora A. Hall, Ella W. Bray.

## MARRIAGES.

UNVERHAU–HOWE.—At Hotel Vendome, Boston, Jan. 27, 1896, Miss Emma S. Howe, of the Wellesley School of Music, to Mr. Heinrich Unverhau.

## BIRTHS.

At Kalamazoo, Michigan, Jan. 1, 1896, a son to Mrs. Isabella French Bigelow, '83.

At Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 9, 1896, a girl to Mrs. Maude Grimshaw Jordan, Sp. '85.

At Durand, Wisconsin, Feb. 11, 1896, a son, Joseph Selden, to Mrs. Jessie Morgan Eakin, '89.

## DEATHS.

At her home in Lincoln, Mass., on Monday, January 27, Lillian M. Hoar, of the Class of '99.

February 2, 1896, at his home in Scranton, A. H. Winton, father of Katherine Winton, '93.

February 11, 1896, at her home in Missouri Valley, Iowa, the mother of Lola Chapman, '98.

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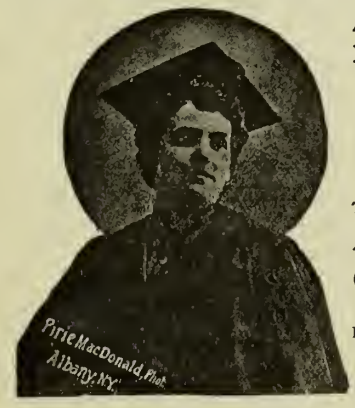


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